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CARDINAL

1925





ELEVENTH EDITION



THE CARDINAL
1925

FOREWORD



*C*ould we but boast great skill in making books,
A very different volume you might find, dear
*R*eaders ; but our big desire has been to
*D*elve beneath all selfish motives, and
*I*ntents, and to produce what might be fit, on
*N*ormal's rolls to be ; we've done our best, and yet,
*A*las ! We've writ, not with inspired words, nor worth, nor wit.
*L*et happy memories cover what's amiss !

THE STAFF

DEDICATION



TO Miss Alice O'Brien who has taken into
her work the fullness of wisdom and the
richness of service inspired by the highest ideals,
The Class of 1925 dedicates this volume of the
CARDINAL, partly as an expression of affection
and partly for the pleasure of having had its
efforts connected with her name.

MISS ALICE L. O'BRIEN



Miss Alice L. O'Brien was born at Fort Edward, Washington Co., N. Y. Her early education was begun in the public school of her native town and later she pursued her studies at the Fort Edward Collegiate Institute, where she took the Classical Course, and was graduated with honors.

After graduation she spent two years in further study, specializing in literature, elocution and oratory, under the instruction of Prof. M. E. Cherry of Rutgers College. This was followed by a course in Dramatic Art and Delsarte Physical Culture, with subsequent training in Methods and Physical Education at New York University and Teachers' College (Columbia University).

Miss O'Brien's first short experience in teaching Elocution and Physical Culture was on the staff of her Alma Mater, from which she resigned, to accept an appointment on the faculty of the new State Normal School at Plattsburgh, N. Y., which opened its doors on September 5, 1890.

About this time Miss O'Brien came into prominence as an accomplished, intelligent and conscientious interpreter of the Classical English poets, and was in demand for public recitals in various parts of the State, meeting with enthusiastic receptions wherever she appeared, but due to the arduous strain of evening recitals, she retired from platform work to devote all her energy to her teaching in the service of the State. She has always taken a vital interest in student life and to that end has worked harmoniously with students and consistently for the welfare of young people generally.

Her experience in the religious, civic, and educational life of the community has been wide and varied, as is evidenced by her appointment by the State Board of Charities to the Child Welfare Board of Clinton County. She organized and was the first Grand Regent of Court 479, Catholic Daughters of America, is Vice-President of the Young Women's League of Clubs. Is a member of the Board of Managers of the Women's Auxiliary of the Champlain Valley Hospital, a member of the Musical Arts Club and President of the Women's Democratic Club of Clinton County.

Miss O'Brien is one of the three remaining members of the original faculty of the Normal School, the others being Dr. George K. Hawkins, now principal of the institution, and George H. Hudson, head of the Department of Science.

To the Class of 1925 I extend my hearty congratulations on the success you have achieved in passing with credit through one of the most important periods of your lives. A period during which, in large measure, character is so established that truth, honor, virtue and courage may stand unmoved either by the attacks or the allurements of evil in any form.

Character is the three-fold shield, capable of protecting its possessor at every angle in the conflict of life. It is like the chart and compass of the mariner at sea, pointing out the way through storm and sunshine.

You, the Class of 1925, having now finished your preparation, go forth to enter upon the active duties of life and assume responsibilities. These call for strength, resolution, vision and action. Your Alma Mater has endeavored to awaken these sleeping giants, and when you find yourselves on the broad highway of life, in a busy world, with competitors on every side, your ambition will be attained if supported by industry and guided by principles of sound morality, supplemented by undaunted courage and determination to do right as "God gives you to see the right."

We, your instructors, who remain here, will follow you with our prayers in hope and confidence that in whatsoever environment you may be placed, you will acquit yourselves in such a manner as to win honor for yourselves, and redound to the praise of your Alma Mater.

Alice L. O'Brien

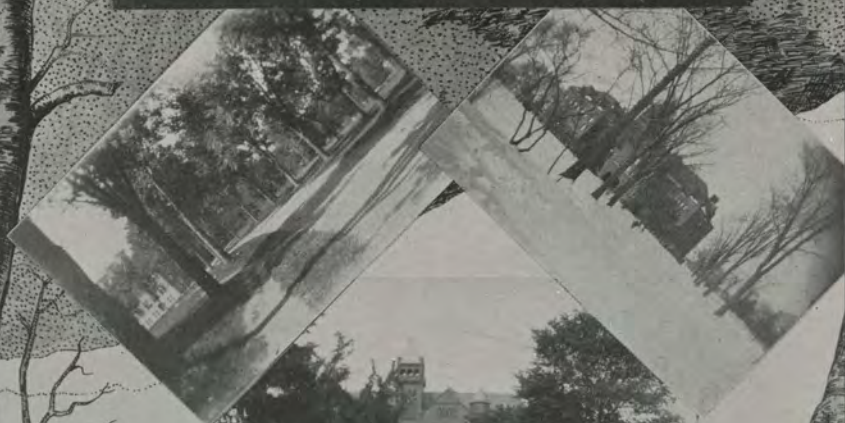
“THE CAPTAIN”



A ship, embarking on a long voyage, goes forth into unknown waters. It sails over calm seas, or it battles its way through storms until finally it reaches the haven of the distant port. And during all the trip, the safety and security of the ship and of those on board, are in the hands of one man—the Captain.

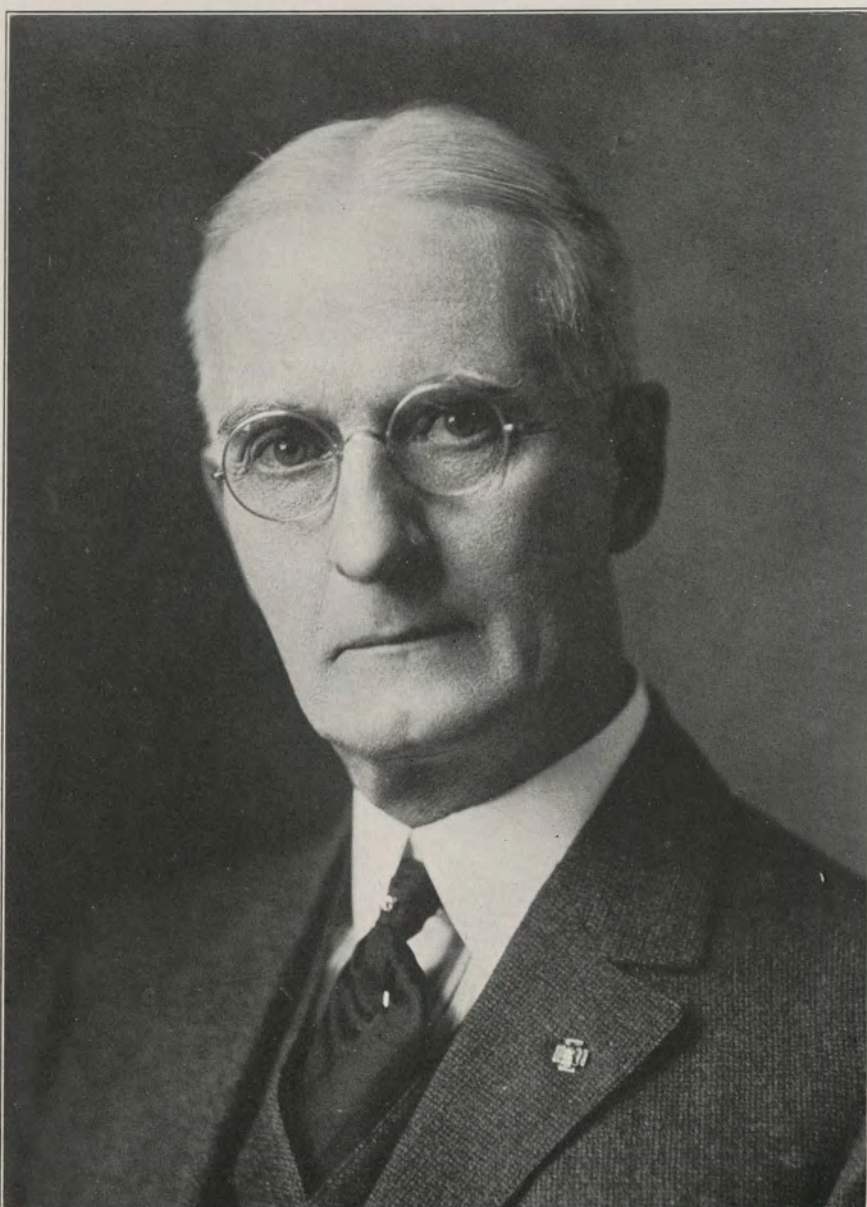
Today we look back to that day three years ago, when we embarked upon our long search after knowledge in the Plattsburgh State Normal School. From that time to the present our lives have been carefully guided by a captain whom we all honor and respect. He has brought us safely through the storms and has helped us to gain what we sought.

As we go our separate ways in the world we rejoice that we are better men and women because of the influence of our principal, Dr. George K. Hawkins.



NORMAL

Handwritten signature or initials.



DR. G. K. HAWKINS

Dr. G. K. HAWKINS -

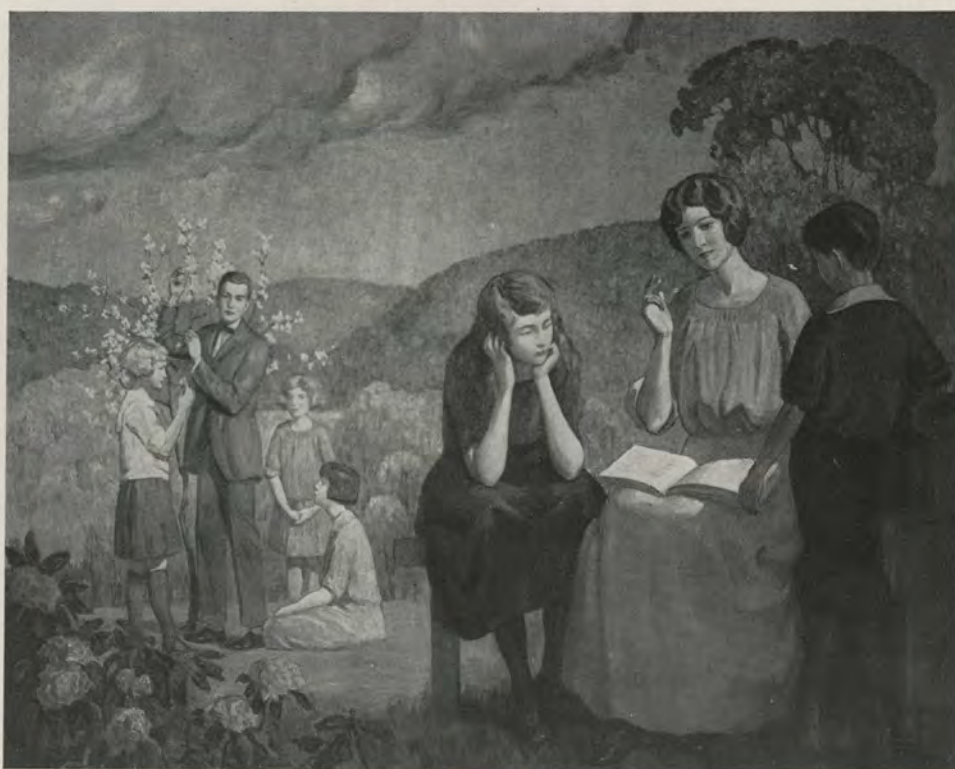


You are graduating from this institution, who have here breathed daily the spirit of the place, whose ambitions have here been shaped and given wings, who have here acquired the foundation of your skill to train the children of the State, who have here spelled out some of the great fundamental lessons which every useful person must somewhere, somehow surely learn—we salute you.

If anything connected with the achievement of honor and of place is worthy of thankfulness, it is above all the sense of having earned it. The unearned increment in the permanent success of human life is so small as to be of little moment always. The things worth while, the things to which you will give the highest valuation will be the things which you have honestly won for yourselves through persistent toil and exertion. If life contains any lesson worth the learning it is that one, constantly exemplified in all the fields of human activity, that by labor only are the years perfected. This is a law inexorable and fortunately for us it applies equally to our happiness and our accomplishment.

G. K. Hawkins

CLASS GIFT



The gift of the Class of 1925 to the school is a mural painting—the second of a symbolic group of mural panels with which four successive classes are decorating in a fitting and significant manner the front wall of Normal Hall. The first and central panel of the arrangement was the gift of the Class of 1923 and the present Junior and Freshman classes are planning for the completion of the project. The entire decoration will occupy a frame twenty-eight feet in length by twelve in height and the paintings alone are to cost twelve hundred dollars, of which sum each of the four classes contributes one-fourth.

The theme of the composite group is "The Normal Graduate." His vision, his graduation, his entrance into the field of service and the social forces that give meaning to his profession are to be portrayed in a symbolic manner. This theme is the conception of George Lawrence Nelson, a notable young mural artist of New York City and the paintings are the work of Mr. Nelson's brush.

The central panel portrays a normal student in the act of receiving his credentials—the diploma that will entitle him to a place in the Teacher's profession. The panel given by the Class of 1925 will occupy a position to the lower right of the center. It pictures two young teachers who, having completed their preparation, have entered the field and are engaging upon their chosen work. The symbolic setting is vibrant with unfolding life. In this symbolism the artist has made a very happy choice, for the teacher has ever to do with unfolding minds and limitless possibilities of social evolution. To the discerning this is beautifully suggested by the figures of childhood and youth, as well as by the bursting mystery of springtime in the hills, the purple that veils the far horizon line and the vast reaches of over-arching cloud and sky.

GENERAL SENTIMENTS

In memory's picture-gallery,
There hangs many a famous scene,
And many sights and sounds are there,
Which each of us has gleaned.
But a few there are we students
Carry freshest in our minds,
Each one is quite distinct to us,
And why you'll surely find.

Now we recall one jolly day,
That turned sad as the grave,
When some one said, "Sing that alone,"
"Now don't say you're afraid."
Of course that was in Music,
But think of Geography.
We fear our grade school teachers
Were careless as could be.

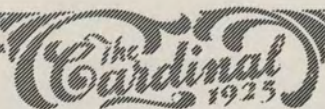
For we "should have learned
Such work as that
Way down in the fourth grade."
The fact is we'd ne'er heard of it,
And we the class delayed.
And European History and History Methods too,
With Problem and Project horrors,
What with those could we do?

Our drawing was atrocious,
To that we must confess,
But we at least enjoyed it well,
And tried to do our best.
And "Health Ed." ne'er such dumbbell worked,
In any gym as us,
We came in fifteen minutes late,
With gym suits old and mussed.

But one more class we can't forget,
With glaciers, stones and gems,
And stars and moon and universe,
Things much too rare for men.
But stop we must, we ramble far,
Back thru those days gone by;
We thank you for your interest kind,
And bid you all good-bye.







THE FACULTY

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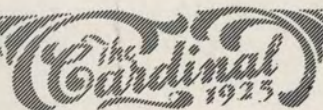
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ANNE O'BRIEN

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Critic and Model Teacher, Second Grade.

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The Cardinal 1923

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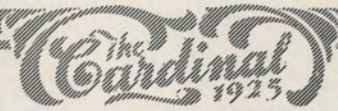
Plattsburgh Normal School; Wellesley College, A. B.

ELIZABETH RINGWOOD HAWKINS, A. B.,

Principal's Secretary.

Plattsburgh State Normal High School; State Normal School; Vassar College, A. B.



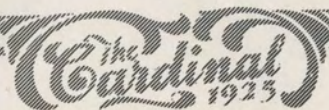


SENIOR CLASS POEM



When first we sought this spot, three years ago,
We thought there wasn't much we didn't know;
But now we're Seniors, painful to relate,
Our satisfaction isn't quite so great.
Some things we've learned, but oh, how very small
These seem to us who thought we knew it all.
Freshmen we were, and not so much to blame,
For Freshmen all are just about the same.
Behold today the Class of Twenty-seven
Strutting about within their little heaven
Of self-importance. Can it be that we
When Freshmen, were as comical to see!
The time is drawing nigh to say farewell,
Dear Alma Mater. We may ne'er excel
In our life-work; that pledge no human power
Can give; but faithful, till the final hour
When work must cease, such is our hope to be.
May strength be ours to keep this pledge to thee.





THE STAFF



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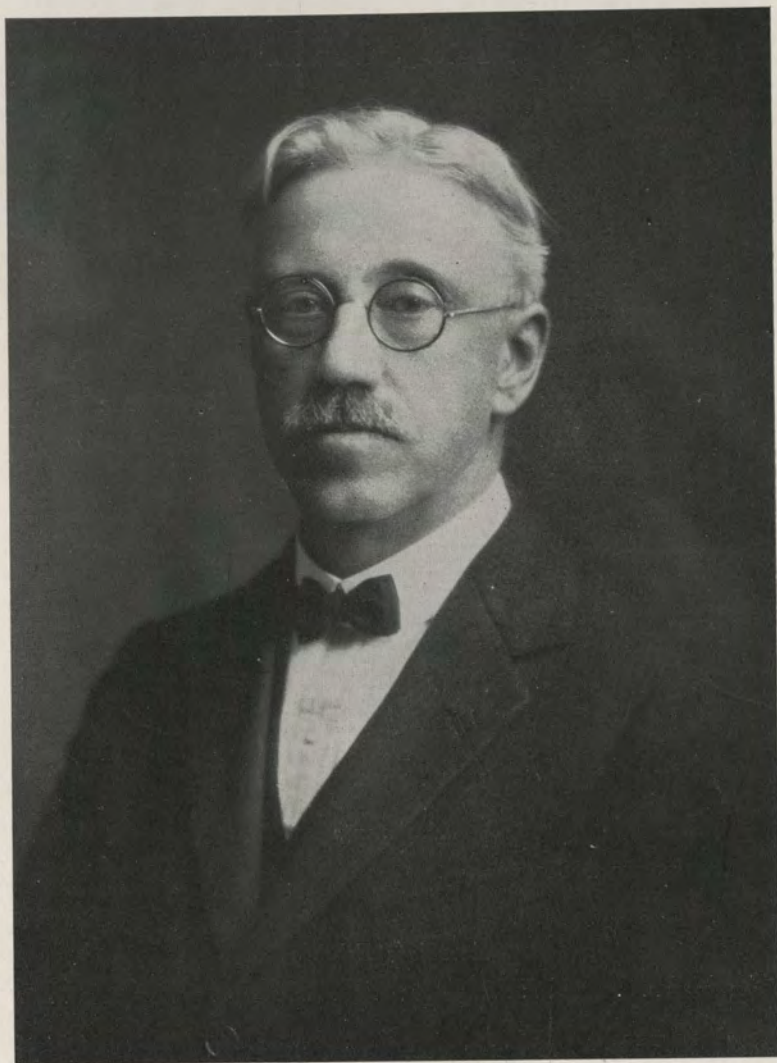
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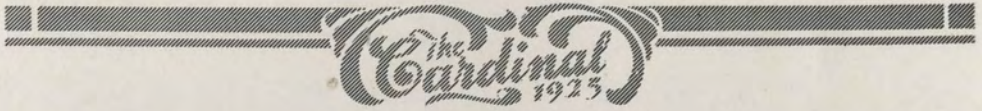
Born in Albany, N. Y., 1865; attended the Grammar and the High Schools of Albany; cadet, U. S. Military Academy, 1885-1886; was graduated from Albany Business College, Rochester Business Institute (Normal Course for Teachers), Chautauqua Normal School of Physical Education, and New York University with the degree B. C. S. (*magna cum laude*). Is a member of Delta Mu Delta Fraternity the honor fraternity of the School of Commerce of New York University.

"SERVICE"



Is the greatest opportunity that comes to any teacher. All of us must serve an apprenticeship to the five senses; and at each step we need assistance in learning our trade. Gentleness, patience, and love are almost everything in education. They constitute a blessed atmosphere, which entering a child's soul, like sunshine into the rosebud, slowly but surely expands it into vigor and beauty. Teachers must govern their own feelings following principle instead of impulse.

W. G. Thompson



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Vice-President

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Secretary

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Treasurer

The Cardinal 1923



"Mim"

MIRIAM ANDERSON



"Pete"

"Commercial"

"There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip."

AKΦ

Jamestown High School

If you're looking for a good sport, you'll find that "Mim" is one of the best. She never sulks and is always ready to join us in our larks. That's why everyone likes her.

Assistant Literary Editor *CARDINAL*, '24; President AKΦ, '25; Vice-President AKΦ, '24.



"Helen"

Jamestown, N. Y.

ELMA M. ANSON

Willsboro, N. Y.

"General"

*"I was not born for courts or great affairs,
I pay my debts and say my prayers."*

ΔΦΘ

Willsboro High School

"She likes 'em short, she likes 'em tall"—does this Elma of ours—she who hides her girlish self under a prim, school-marm-like exterior. We think that secretly her life is imbued with an aloof sense of nicety. She was among us, but not of us.

Vice-President ΔΦΘ.

HELEN BIGELOW AUSMAN

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

"Commercial"

*"I have often heard defended,
Little said is soonest mended."*

Delta Clionian

Saratoga High School

Saratoga gave us Helen and, to say the least, we are mighty glad to have her. Though she may appear very shy and retiring, she is always on deck when there's any fun to be had. We understand that her POWERS of attraction extend to Portland, Maine.

Vice-President, '25; President Clionian Sorority, '23; Vice-President Clionian Sorority, '23.



"Bake"

GLADYS L. BAKER



"Hank"

"Commercial"

"Then she will talk, ye gods, how she will talk!"

Delta Clionian

Plattsburgh High School

If you can't hear her, she isn't around. That's all. Bake has vamped 'em all. School days she greatly prefers Strat's seat to her own, but on Sundays she journeys to Morrisonville, for reasons best known to herself.

Basketball team (3 yrs.); Recording Secretary Clionian Sorority, '24; Recording Secretary Clionian Sorority, '25.

M. FRANCIS BRENNAN

Dannemora, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Keep cool and you command everybody."

Readers—our President! Such words as manage, arrange, fix-up, reserve, order, are his specialties. He managed to become our President in the fall of '22, he managed to be a "durn" good one, and he managed to stay President during his entire stay at Normal. He always manages to get there.

Baseball, '23; Basketball, '24; Class President (3 yrs.); Art Editor CARDINAL Staff, '25; Reply to Seniors, '23; President's Address, '25; Most Influential; Writer, "Ain't You Ashamed?"; "Professor Pepp"; "Facing the Music"; Honor Student.

CYNTHIA BROOKS

Crown Point, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

AΦΘ

Crown Point Union School

The little town of Crown Point sent us one of the quietest, but most studious members of our class. Cynthia works while the rest of us sleep, and though she never has much to say, she can "strut her stuff" to advantage, when called upon.

Class Grind.

The Cardinal 1923



"Bert"

BERTHA BULLIS



"Peg"

MARGARET E. CARROLL



"Al"

Port Kent, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"She has mastered the art of story-telling."

Delta Clonionian

Keeseville High School

How did the old song go? "She's not so much in a crowd, but—" Just take a trip to the beach at Port Kent some day this summer and decide for yourself. If perchance you forget your one-piece bathing suit or your knickers, don't be unhappy. Bert will fix you up. (Who'd a' thunk it?)

"Commercial"

"Night after night,
She sat and bleared her eyes with books."

AKΦ

Syracuse Vocational High School

Syracuse grew too dull—or too something, we don't know what—for Peg, and consequently she came to Plattsburgh. Incidentally, while she is here she goes to Normal, but only incidentally. Acquiring an education frankly bores her and she has worried herself thin over the loss of valuable time. However, she's a mighty good "kid" and we all think a lot of her.

Most Indifferent; Vice-President AKΦ (1); Corresponding Secretary, AKΦ (1).

ALBERTA W. CHASE

Essex, N. Y.

"General"

"Measures, not men, have always been my mark."

Essex High School

With a marvelous retaining faculty for facts, figures, and other mental lumber, Alberta can tell us anything, as who wrote Rousseau's "Emile." The one and only thing she ever forgot was to take—. Well, we have all heard of borrowing clothes to wear, but who ever heard of borrowing anyone's hair?



"Betty"

ELIZABETH CRAWFORD



"Marion"

MARY FRANCES CRONIN



"Bud"

Amsterdam, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain."

Amsterdam High School

Betty's specialty is "being seen and not heard." At least, she's that way in school. But like the proverbial "Still Water," we believe there is some depth to this little girl from Amsterdam.

"Commercial"

"Let us love while life is young."

AKΦ

Elmira Free Academy

Marion, like most of us, is counting the days until September, but for a reason very different from ours. Can you guess? We know she'll never neglect to write to us next year for the Post Office will be paramount in her thoughts at all times. The very best wishes of the Class of '25, Marion!

Chairman Ring and Pin Committee (2 yrs.); Vice-President Junior Year; President AKΦ '25.

ELIZABETH A. DELISLE

Saranac Lake, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"I never with important air,
In conversation overbear."

AΦΘ

Saranac Lake High School

No, people, you're all wrong. "Bud" is not bashful. It is only her inherent modesty that gives her that appearance. Now and then she throws off her "cloak of dignity" and amuses us in class with her perfectly de-licious giggle.

Treasurer AΦΘ, '24.

The Cardinal 1923



"Hazel"

HAZEL B. DREW



"Anne"

ANNE GARVEY DUQUETTE



"Lydia"

LYYDIA J. ERICKSON

"Commercial"

"Commercial"

"The 'luck' that I believe in, is that which comes with work."

"She is like sterling that will stay
When gold and silver melt away."

"Simplicity, not complexity, is the keynote to greatness."

Richford, Vt.

Richford High School

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Arnold, N. Y.

Delta Clionian

Though Hazel hails from the land of hayseeds and gum-chewing, she has shown us that she is a Vermonter in name only. Why, she wouldn't think of riding in a Ford; in fact, it took a Cadillac—and a MAN—to please her in her Junior Year and she has become so blasé now that she simply "cannot be amused."

Vice-President Clionian Sorority, '24.

D'Youville Academy

Her records show that Anne is our most intellectual Senior, a most capable scholar and loyal friend. We often wonder where she finds time to listen to all our troubles and help us out of many difficulties.

Athletic Council, '25; Literary Editor CARDINAL, '25; Most Intellectual; Class History; Chairman Afoofa Club Committee; Valedictorian.

Ausable Forks High School

AΦΘ

Lydia came to join our class from Arnold Hill, a beautiful little village, somewhere between "here and there." If the other six people in her home town are as well behaved as our Lydia, it must be a model place.

Vice-President AΦΘ, '24; Secretary AΦΘ, '23.

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"Lu"

LULA E. FINIGAN



"Punt"

AKΦ



"Fritz"

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"General"

"The glory of life is to love, not to be loved,
To give not to get, to serve not to be served."

Plattsburgh High School

The above, in Lula's case, means to "love" poetry, get all you can read of it, and serve it whenever the occasion demands. Lu is a firm believer in "An apt quotation now and then, is relished by the best of men." But don't mistake our meaning—Lula does love and give and serve in many ways and we sincerely hope Life's choicest gifts will come back to her.

Assistant Literary Editor CARDINAL, '25; President AKΦ (1); Vice-President AKΦ (1); Grand Vice-President AKΦ, 1923-1924; Senior Delegate AKΦ Convocation.

PAULINE JANET GAILEY

Lafargeville, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"I take Life as I find it, but I don't leave it so."

Delta Clonian

Clayton High School
Northern Business School

Here's the original "Hard-hearted Hannah." Pauline is one of the most versatile girls in school. She has proved her worth many times during the past three years and '25 just wouldn't be complete without her. When you feel blue and a little "off color" just drop around to Punt's seat and she'll "pep" you up with a funny story or two.

Assistant Literary Editor CARDINAL, '24; President Clonian Sorority, '24; Treasurer Clonian Sorority, '25.

FREDA R. GOLDMAN

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Your natural lot is, therefore, to wait your turn and opportunity."

ΛΦΘ

Plattsburgh High School

Freda has been one of the most studious members of our class throughout the course, at least if the number of books she took home each night can be taken as evidence. She has evidently been less of a believer in "luck" than most of us and we trust a large measure of success will be her reward.



"Dot"

"Mary"

"Dot"

DOROTHY MILDRED GOODSPEED

Malone, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"The secret of success is constancy of purpose."

Plattsburgh Normal High School

Few of us have taken Normal life and our studies more seriously than Dorothy. She has stuck to her work with most admirable persistence and we feel sure her efforts in the teaching field will meet with success.

MARY GRIMES

Schaghticoke, N. Y.

"General"

"You know I say just what I think and nothing more or less."

Delta Clionian

Mechanicville High School

When we finished spelling the name of the "county from which Mary hailed" we were so out of breath that we were willing to concede that she isn't unusual without reason. Sincerity and frankness are her watchwords and here eyes, as clear and blue as those Irish lakes so dear to Mary's heart, unerringly mirror the purity and truth that is part of her.

Most Dignified; Class Will; Athletic Council, '25; Recording Secretary Clionian Sorority, '24.

DOROTHY FRANCES HENRY

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"I am resolved to grow fat, and look young 'till forty."

Delta Clionian

Erasmus Hall

"Dort" came all the way from "Noo Yawk" 'to join our class and add honor to it. Dot's chief worry at Normal has been finding a man for the dances, but Lor' Bless Us, we fail to find cause for the worry, for she's the one girl in school who always got one! We predict a brilliant and well deserved future for you, Dorothy!

Recording Secretary Clionian Sorority, '24.



"Sally"

SARAH E. HOFMANN



"Ireland"

"General"

"Oh, why should Life all labor be."



"Charlotte"

Saranac, N. Y.

Our Lady of Victory Academy
Dominion College of Music

She comes, she goes, we don't know when or where or how. She studies, too. But as we said before, we don't know when or where or how. Letters, letters, letters, she writes and writes—and we know when and where and how!

Class Bluff.

MARION I. HOLLAND

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"If you would avoid trouble, always look for the funny side of the question."

Delta Clonian

Plattsburgh High School

Here's one of the old stand-bys of the Irish Brigade—the studious, industrious, over-worked Marion. Nonchalant, blasé, sangfroid, insouciant, only partially describe her. If ever anyone mastered the Art of Indifference, it's our Marion. Notwithstanding this fact, she has a certain tenacity of purpose that convinces us she will make a success of anything she attempts.

Treasurer Clonian Sorority (1).

CHARLOTTE HULIHAN

Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"I cannot say one thing and mean another."

AKΦ

Hoosick Falls High School

Everyone knows just what Charlotte thinks about her. She is perfectly frank and open in everything she does and we all agree that we need more of her kind.

President AKΦ, '25.

The Cardinal 1925



"Fran"

FRANCES MARY JOHNSON



"Sylvia"

SYLVIA JOHNSON



"Gladys"

GLADYS E. KEDDY

"Commercial"

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form."

AKΦ

Mohawk, N. Y.

Mohawk High School

Lots of people say that they wouldn't know "Fran" unless they saw her in a Dodge sedan beside Johnny. This shows that she can't blame anyone for not speaking, when she *occasionally* walks down town.

Treasurer AKΦ (1); Best Dresser.

"Commercial"

"Beautiful in form and feature,
Lovely as the day,
Can there be so fair a creature
Formed of common clay?"

AKΦ

Jamestown, N. Y.

Jamestown High School

Sylvia has been an inspiration to most of us throughout our three happy years together. With an unusual degree of common sense and judgment, rare beauty, and a delightfully charming personality, she has endeared herself to every member of the Class of '25.

Class Beauty; Secretary Athletic Association, '24; Editor-in-Chief CARDINAL, '24 and '25; President AKΦ, '24; Honor Student.

"General"

"Gentle of speech, but absolute of rule."

Champlain, N. Y.

Champlain High School

Gladys is one of those quiet unassuming girls who sits in class with an air of rapt attention and never misses a thing. She never bobbed her hair, as you can see for yourself. She told us she would never have it bobbed unless she went crazy, but from all indications another week of Juvenile Literature would have accomplished what Dame Fashion, with all her wiles, had failed to effect.

The Cardinal 1925



"Kit"



"Norm"



"Dizzy"

KATHERINE KILEY

Peekskill, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"The heart that is truly happy never grows old."

Delta Clionian

Drum Hill

Kit's greatest faculty seems to be that of making friends easily and of keeping them. From the moment she landed in Normal she has had the welfare of the "young" at heart and has carefully guided several promising youngsters along the straight and narrow. Here favorite song this year has been, "Charley, My Boy," and while our intention is not to cause you any embarrassment, may we ask you Kit, "Does Charley know that you like to 'Tinker' around Fords?"

Most Popular; Assistant Editor-in-Chief CARDINAL, '25; Secretary Clionian Sorority, '24; Secretary Class Junior Year; Vice-President Clionian Sorority (1).

NORMA KOHL

Newburgh, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Never miss a joy in this world of trouble—that's my theory."

AKΦ

Newburgh Free Academy

Norma's looks aren't deceiving. She is just another of our optimists and she "never troubles trouble 'til trouble troubles her," and even then she won't let it get the best of her.

Corresponding Secretary AKΦ, '25; Treasurer AKΦ, '24.

IVA LAROE

Ticonderoga, N. Y.

"General"

"Remember the steam kettle; tho' up to its neck in hot water it still continues to sing."

AΦΘ

Ticonderoga High School

Iva is a spell-binder; she talks so fast no ear can follow, except "Daddy's," but that doesn't matter, she talks on and on, talking for its own sake. You might think from her growing girth that she lives to eat, but the truth is she eats to live—and talk.

Treasurer AΦΘ (1).



"Foster"

FOSTER W. LOSO



"Gen"

"Commercial"

"Nothing is so difficult but it may be found out by seeking."

Plattsburgh High School

Readers—allow us to present Foster, the living question mark. He can ask more questions in a minute than most of us could answer in a lifetime. But, he's a hustler and his untiring efforts have been responsible for the success of many school activities which would otherwise have been doomed to failure. Though he may appear a bit self-centered at times, he has some grounds, for most of the good things he says about himself are true. That's more than some of us can say.

Manager Basketball, '24; Art Editor *CARDINAL*, '24; Business Manager *CARDINAL*, '25; Chairman Mid-year Dance, '23; Chairman Freshman Prom, '23; Chairman Afoofa Club Committee (1); Manager "Facing the Music"; Class Booster; Honor Student.

GENEVIEVE T. LYONS

Valcour, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"The smallest factory sometimes has the biggest whistle."

AKΦ

Plattsburgh High School

"Gen" proves the saying that "good things come in small packages." She believes in having a reason for everything she does, and that reason is, because it is right.

HELEN McCaffrey

Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

"General"

"She works while others plan to work."

AKΦ

Hoosick Falls High School

Here we have a modern Diana, strong and sure in body and mind. Helen has two failings and Juvenile Literature is both of them. And in that connection, Helen, we might remind you that the only thing that can cheat some people out of the last word is an echo. 'Nuff said!

Basketball Team (3 yrs.); Most Athletic; Honor Student.

The Cardinal 1925



"Mary"

MARY MCCARTHY



"Helen"

HELEN McCREA



"Eileen"

EILEEN MCGAULEY

Elmira, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Too true to flatter and too kind to sneer."

Delta Clionian

Elmira Free Academy

Mary's smile and sunny disposition have won her a host of loyal friends at Normal, who are confident of her success in her chosen profession. Mary has the distinction of being the only one in the class who can "calm the stormy 'Maggie'" when she gets on a rampage.

Treasurer Clionian Sorority (1); Vice-President Clionian Sorority (1); Grand Vice-President Clionian Sorority (1).

Champlain, N. Y.

"General"

"True to her work, her word, and her friends."

To live more than a mile from school and never—what, never? No, never, not once, ride on the trolley car, is a record of endurance that anyone might be proud to have. Our hats are off to you, Helen! She persevered not alone in walking, but in every subject in the school curriculum. More power to her!

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Wit is the lightning of the mind; the cayenne of conversation."

AKΦ

Plattsburgh High School

Eileen has spent most of her time in Normal defending her size and nationality, and to say she has done both only half explains it. She claims the Irish are the "Best People On Earth," and if you care to be convinced, simply put in a word of protest to her and you will be completely swamped by her limitless vocabulary of appropriate adjectives, which have the implicit power of "conveying her meaning in a few, well-chosen words." Besides mastering the Art of Sarcasm, this little Miss has, by her ready wit, saved many a flat situation for us during our sojourn at P. S. N. S.

Wittiest; Joke Editor CARDINAL, '25; Treasurer AKΦ (1); Vice-President AKΦ (1).



"Maggie"

MARGARET MARY MCGRAW



"Red"

HANNAH E. MARVIN



"Gen"

Ilion, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"I'd rather be right than be President."

Delta Clionian

Ilion High School

Bless the child! She's always right! Why, she says so herself, and surely '25 hasn't yet produced a member to dispute her. Argument is her fort. She may believe every word you say, but she just can't agree with you "on general principles." Nevertheless, we've always found Maggie a good, sociable classmate and we give her her own way whenever there is a question of a doubt, thus avoiding the possibility of being "shoved through a window." (Page Helen Spencer!)

Class Pessimist; Corresponding Secretary Clionian Sorority (1).

"Commercial"

Walton, N. Y.

"Happy am I; from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

AKΦ

Walton High School

Here's another of our musically inclined young ladies. She is very "Frank" in saying she prefers a piano. We are very sure that her high-pitched giggling is accompanied to perfection.

GENEVIEVE E. MILVO

Rome, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Her smile was like a rainbow flashing from a misty sky."

AKΦ

Rome Free Academy

When "Gen" came to Normal she brought a smile with her, and that same old smile has been with her ever since. Ambition might be light and airy with some, but not so with "Gen." Her ambition is to condense and to can sunshine, have a sublimating factory, and get the government to buy over all the rights. "How did you hit the exam, Gen?" "All right," is the proverbial answer. "Gen's" side lines are "Counting Calories" and trying to resist "bean sandwiches."

Class Optimist.



"Mary M."

MARY V. MORRISSEY



"Helen"

HELEN NORTHROP MOUSSEAU



"Margie"

MARGUERITE MAE MURRAY

Yonkers, N. Y.

Newburgh, N. Y.

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Common sense is an uncommon degree of what the world calls wisdom."

AKΦ

Yonkers High School

Mary hails from next-to-the-largest-city-in-the-world, Yonkers. She has experienced many handicaps, in the way of illness, during the course, but has always come back with renewed "pep" and has shown us what a real student can do in overcoming obstacles.

"General"

"We may live without friends,
We may live without books;
But civilized man
Cannot live without cooks."

Delta Clionian

Newburgh Free Academy

To look at that girlish face, who would imagine that Helen has taken to herself the burden, responsibilities, and liabilities "to have and to hold" of the marital state. One wouldn't; but we must confide that the girl is a "married lady." The best wishes of your class, Helen, go with you on the "great adventure."

Athletic Council, '23; Chairman Invitation Committee; President Clionian Sorority, '24, '25; Vice-President Clionian Sorority, '24; Most Sentimental; Honor Student.

"General"

"Politeness is to do and say,
The kindest things in the kindest way."

AΦΘ

Plattsburgh High School

Seemingly, politeness is the cornerstone on which Marguerite has built the structure of her life. She has "thank you'd," "if you please'd" and "I beg your pardon'd" her way through Normal and we do not exaggerate when we say we believe she could show Emily Post a few tricks in the great game of etiquette.



"Ev"

EVELYN NASH



"Kay"

"General"

"She that was ever fair and never proud;
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud."

AKΦ

Mechanicsville High School

No, friends, this is not a walking advertisement for the world-renowned Webster's (Dictionary), but our little first grade substitute. Unfortunately, the children in the Primary grade are too young to know about Webster and our free advice to you, "Ev," is to switch to the Intermediate or Grammar grades, where the use of Webster's is a daily habit.

Most Sincere; President AKΦ, '24; Recording Secretary AKΦ, '23; Vice-President AKΦ, '24.

KATHERINE A. O'CONNELL

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"General"

"With such a comrade, such a friend,
We fain would walk 'til journey's end."

AKΦ

Plattsburgh High School

The grace and gayety of our "Kay" has given her a sunny place in the hearts of all students. Her profession has been well selected, because what she teaches others, she is herself. That she will be an inspiration to those she must guide, is the firm belief of her classmates.

Class Dancer; Basketball (3 yrs.), Manager Girls' Team (1); Athletic Council (1); Literary Editor CARDINAL, '24; Assistant Literary Editor CARDINAL, '25; Junior Delegate AKΦ Convocation; Salutatorian.

MARY O'SULLIVAN

Newburgh, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"And still they gazed, and still their wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew."

AKΦ

Newburgh Free Academy

Mary comes from Newburgh, the town the Hudson River flows past. It didn't take us long to discover that Normal and the Com'l course held no terrors for Mary, whose splendid record here is but the continuation of that begun in high school. We suggest, Mary O, that you leave the present Junior Class a small portion of your knowledge of Accounting, as a starter for them next year.

Athletic Council, '24; Assistant Editor-in-Chief CARDINAL, '25; Secretary Senior Class; Treasurer AKΦ (1); Ivy Oration; Honor Student.

The Cardinal 1925



"Hazel"

HAZEL PECOTTE



"Pat"

"Commercial"

"Silence that spoke and eloquence of eyes."

AKΦ

Plattsburgh High School

It is Hazel's smile that will help to pilot her through all Life's difficulties. We have no doubt that is the reason why "Art" prefers her to the rest of us.

EVELYN M. PETTENGILL

Ilion, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

Delta Clionian

Ilion High School

This little verse has been Pat's stand-by ever since she came to Normal. She simply "cawn't" be serious. And really it doesn't pay, when a delightfully musical "giggle" is capable of captivating the heart of a "banker" or of making it possible to get big "feeds" at small "Coste."

Class Cut Up; Class Mementoes; Treasurer Clionian Sorority (1).

ADOLF W. PFISTERER

Hyde Park, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"I am not in the roll of common men."

Poughkeepsie High School

It is reported from the farm that when Adolf was five years old, he figured out the number of shingles and cost for one of the ancestral castles. From that time on he has been engaged in mathematical calculations and other studies. Adolf works on the theory that Abe Lincoln was born on a farm, "Why can't I do as he?" He also bears the distinction (?) of being the only eligible, unattached man in the Senior Class. We wonder why?

Basketball, '24; Chairman Cap and Gown Committee; Class Treasurer, '24 and '25. Honor Student.



"Phipps"

CATHERINE A. PHILLIPS



"Mary"

MARY H. POWERS



"Rock"

AILEEN H. ROCKWELL

Peekskill, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant too, to think on."

Delta Clionian

Drum Hill High School, Peekskill, N. Y.

"Phipps" came to Normal, prepared "to not like it a bit"—and changed her mind. Three years ago she wouldn't have given the town nor the people in it "a tumble." Today, she swears by both, and we hardly blame her. Seldom have we found "Phipps" in bad humor—she is usually just "Bub" (bling) over with enthusiasm and good nature.

Most Original; Class Prophecy; Corresponding Secretary Clionian Sorority (1).

"General"

"Oh, this learning! What a thing it is!"

AKΦ

Plattsburgh High School

Mary came to us from the greatest village in the Union—to hear her tell it! She takes life very seriously and will never admit she has passed a test until the marks are published. But, nevertheless, a grin that is inevitable and a multitude of other winning ways have endeared her to the hearts of the Class of 1925.

"General"

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be GOOD!"

AKΦ

Rouses Point High School

Like Caesar of old, it may be said of Aileen, *Veni; vidi; vici!* From up near the border she came, she saw the way to be "Good," and she conquered at least one of the Good things in life. If in future years she can sway a class of children as she has the cheering section, she promises to be a successful teacher.

Athletic Council, '24; Joke Editor *CARDINAL*, '24 and '25; President AKΦ, '23; Cheer Leader; Class Will; Most Attractive; Honor Student.



"Pat"

RITA M. ROONEY



"Bernie"

BERNICE M. SHEFFIELD



"Judy"

West Chazy, N. Y.

"General"

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

AKΦ

Plattsburgh High School

She wouldn't want this repeated, but just between us, we understand that "Pat" has no objection to Dusty "Rhoades" as long as she is riding in Steve's good-looking red car. We also can vouch for the fact that "Pat" could draw a road map of Clinton County with her eyes shut. It will be no effort for her to teach Geography, "travel" is her middle name.

President AKΦ, '24.

"General"

"Wearing all that weight of learning lightly like a flower."

AKΦ

St. Mary's Academy

Here's one at least who is never at a loss for an answer of some sort or other. While the rest of us are shaking in our seats and trying our best to look inconspicuous to avoid being called upon, Bernice takes life easy with a formula guaranteed to answer any question. If pressed for an answer, Bernice always falls back on the old standby and promptly replies, "Why, because Mr. Smith says so."

Most Ambitious; Recording Secretary AKΦ, '24; Honor Student.

"Commercial"

"Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others."

Delta Clionian

Gloversville High School

All year long we've wondered who the "John" was that Judy was always raving about. Don't be alarmed, dear readers, he is very harmless—I've discovered that. Age, just 18 months. However, don't be misled by this statement, for "Judy" can handle them older and bigger than he. (For further particulars, inquire of "Chet"!)

Most Enthusiastic; Clinonian History; President Clionian Sorority; Senior Reception Committee; Recording Secretary Clionian Sorority; Treasurer Clionian Sorority; Honor Student.

The Cardinal 1923



"Sorrelly"

LAURA M. SORRELL



"Spence"

HELEN SPENCER



"Hal"

Ausable Forks, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"By her giggle, shall ye know her."

AKΦ

Ausable Forks High School

We are sure that she isn't as indifferent as she appears. Some say that she doesn't "Carey" her feelings on her sleeve.

"Commercial"

Rochester, N. Y.

"Only one 'Ray' of hope;
Just one little 'Ray'."

AKΦ

East High School

Helen looks dignified, but she isn't, really, when you know her. Lately, she has been singing quite a little and her favorite note seems to be the second on the scale (Ray).

HAROLD H. STRATTON

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"You may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar."

Plattsburgh High School

"Strat" is known to all the girls in Normal and to most of the other people, too, through his antics on the basketball court. Oh, my! Besides his beloved pastimes of studying and dancing, Harold often gets a hankering to practice his oratorical genius, and from his ability to hurl invectives and fearless reproach upon the wicked we think that he should have studied to be a lawyer, or better yet, a reformer. We look forward to the day when "Hal" shall have created a school for "Bakers" with himself as chief instructor.

Basketball (2 yrs.); Athletic Council (2 yrs.); Assistant Business Manager CARDINAL, '24 and '25; Chairman Afoofa Club Committee (1); Junior Prom Committee, '24; Baseball, '23; Class Musician; Charge to Juniors; "Facing the Music"; Co-writer, "Ain't You Ashamed"; Honor Student.



"Sully"

M. KATHRYN SULLIVAN



"Mickey"

"Commercial"

"Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

Delta Clionian

Elmira Free Academy

"Sully" has "Beahen" one of our best pals and most willing workers during our three years at Normal. She never refuses to lend a helping hand and is always around when there's any work to be done.

Alumnae Editor CARDINAL, '24 and '25; Corresponding Secretary, Clionian Sorority, '24; Treasurer Clionian Sorority, '25; Honor Student.

MERCEDES V. TIERNEY

Hornell, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"But what she doth at first intend,
That she holds firmly to the end."

AKΦ

Hornell High School

This little verse only partially describes the tenacity of purpose and strength of will power which "Mickey" possesses. She has always been a loyal supporter of '25, of P. S. N. S., and even of the boys' basketball team.

Best All Around; Class Prophecy; Corresponding Secretary, AKΦ (1); Honor Student.

LILA PENELOPE WAGEMAKER

East Williamson, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Hope against hope and ask till you receive."

Delta Clionian

Cazenovia Seminary

It took us so long to figure out which one of the twins Lila was that when we finally decided definitely and to our own satisfaction that she was "the other one," we had forgotten what we were going to say about her. Just as the "light was beginning to dawn" upon us she asked another question and made us more confused than ever.

The Cardinal 1925



"Wagie"

LULA M. WAGEMAKER



"Webbie"

East Williamson, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"Five minutes; I have been five minutes too late all my life long."

Delta Clionian

Cazenovia Seminary

About nine o'clock of a morning you may meet a serious looking stude walking leisurely across the campus asking, "Has the eight o'clock bell rung yet?" That's Lula. But although she partakes rather freely of the fountain of sleep, she is always awake enough to ask questions. And as a certain learned professor might add, "Psychologically speaking we are never really awake anyway."

G. HAYWARD WEBSTER

North Hillsdale, N. Y.

"Commercial"

"I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not smile on me."

Rye High School

Webbie's first aim when he entered Normal was to look sufficiently "collegiate" to attract the fair sex. Once that job was nicely accomplished, he settled down to a rather serious sort of life, his favorite topic of discussion being motor cars. He is well versed in the merits of a "Nash."

Basketball (3 yrs.); Captain Basketball, '24; President Athletic Association, '24 and '25; Athletic Editor *CARDINAL*, '24 and '25; Secretary Freshman Class; Baseball, '23; Orchestra; Co-worker, "Ain't You Ashamed"; Class Oration.

J. FRANCIS GALLAGHER

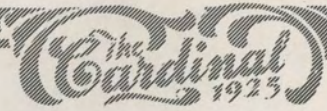
Detroit, Mich.

"Commercial"

"Pep? Why that's his middle name!"

"Fan" liked the bunch so well that even though he left us this year and taught, he simply couldn't resist returning to graduate with us. A ten-minute talk with "Fan" at any time is a sure "chaser" for the "blues." And how he "Do" play the piano!

Business Manager *CARDINAL*, '24; "Facing the Music"; "Professor Pepp."



CLASS SONG



Tune: MOTHER MACHREE

There's a spot that we love in the valley Champlain
It's our own normal school; P. S. N. S. by name.
There's a place in our mem'ries, our lives that you hold,
No one can dispel it; 'tis more precious than gold.

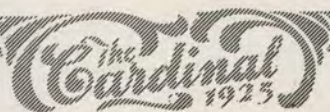
As comrades together of Class '25,
To ever be loyal, we always will strive.
And our colors, we'll always defend, staunch and true;
The green and the gold, 'tis nature's fair hue.

Every trial and care in the school days of yore,
Was made bright by our friendships that'll last ever more,
And by teachers who helped us in attaining our height,
And whose wise counsel has guided us right.

CHORUS

Yes, we love you, P. S. N. S.,
To us, you're most dear,
As the three years together we've spent toiling here.
Now our steps leave these portals,
New paths to pursue
And all our successes we'll attribute to you.

H. MOUSSEAU.



CLASS HISTORY

"Not who you are, but what you are."

When any class reaches its senior year, although it is in many respects like all other senior classes, still it invariably has some one characteristic distinguishing it from all others. Some classes have left a record of high scholarship; some were eminent in athletics, some in literary pursuits; some are noted for originality in establishing "school customs," some for perversity in disregarding them; some for this, and some for that. But of all the senior classes that have come to our notice, we believe none can claim to have had more distinguishing characteristics than the present one.

It has been well said that, "No man ever wrote his own biography without omitting nine-tenths of the most important materials;" so do not expect to find in the following more than a fragmentary recital of the manifold adventures, contests, and triumphs of the Class of '25.

It is now three years since, as timid Freshmen, we first approached this dear old school in the fall of '22 and entered its sacred portals, at a time when the affairs of the school had a discouraging aspect, and the faculty were beginning to feel that unless some new life and vigor were instilled into the student body, the dear Alma Mater would sink into insignificance. We, the Class of 1925, appeared just in time and proved to be the very element that was necessary. From the time that we began our course, things changed.

Perhaps, in our tender Freshman year, we could not be described as the "finest class that ever entered an American institution of learning," but we were a class of 81 intelligent and enthusiastic students of which any school might well be proud.

The Class of '23 were much surprised to find that we possessed sufficient initiative to organize as a class and elect our officers, without suggestion from them. What better selection could we have made than that of Francis Brennan, as President? Has he not been the envy of all other classes? The other officers elected at this, our first meeting, were: Irene Racicot, Vice-President; Heyward Webster, Secretary; and Maude Hayes, Treasurer.

Reluctantly granting us credit for this much "pep," they imagined that all would end with this first outburst. But what a surprise was in store for them! One demonstration of our superiority and preeminence followed another and each Senior became convinced that the Class of '25 was one to be respected, even by the Class of '23.

The innocent removal of the Senior banner by a member of our class, with the excitement that followed, brings back to all of us memories of that night when the Senior boys, overconfident and presuming, attempted to prevent the male members of our class from attending their own dance. Their failure to more than delay them for an hour or so stung bitterly, but they were learning by sad experience that "we were by far the mightier of the two."

Christmas vacation came as a pleasant break in the heavy program we were



carrying. Our scholarship had become a source of wonder to the faculty. So, the trivial mid-year "quizzes" which we took, as a matter of course, upon our return from the holidays held no terror for us. We enjoyed to the utmost the annual mid-year dance which followed these unimportant tests.

Then came many exciting times on the basketball court, with the members of our Class adding glory to our name.

How we dreaded leaving the Class of '23, when finally June rolled around. We had come to appreciate their good points and a certain strong friendship had grown up between us. But after bidding many reluctant farewells we left to spend a few short weeks at home.

Vacation passed quickly and when we gathered in Normal Hall on a sunny September morning in 1923, we faced an entering class of nearly a hundred inexperienced, undisciplined Freshmen. What a task lay before us, to educate and uplift this unpracticed mob. But, with our own ranks somewhat reduced, we set about our unpleasant duty. Though we were in reality but Juniors, we had acquired such prestige that the title of "Senior" was used with reference to us by every Freshman and even by the Faculty.

Early in September we held our first class meeting and expressed our confidence in Mr. Brennan's guidance by electing him President of our class. The other officers elected were: Mary Cronin, Vice-President; Katherine Kiley, Secretary; and Adolf Pfisterer, Treasurer.

With the business affairs of the class settled, we proceeded to show the Class of '26 (who, by the way, tried to call themselves Juniors) the proper method of conducting a Color Day program. We sang our song and gave our yells with such enthusiasm that the so-called Juniors were compelled to set in wide-eyed and open-mouthed wonder at our "pep."

The two months that preceded our mid-year "exams" were rather quiet ones. We were Juniors and had acquired an air of solemn dignity quite in keeping with our importance in the world.

Our mid-year dance, which was held on the evening of February 8th, was the same brilliant affair that the preceding one had been. But long weeks of hard work were doomed to follow this pleasant event and Easter vacation found most of us sadly in need of a rest. After ten exciting days at home, we returned again to Normal to be bored to death by the underclassmen until June. Surprising as it may seem, we had learned to tolerate their presence by that time, and in the three short weeks which were left to us in June, were crowded many festivities in which both classes participated.

Of course, it must not be supposed that we could allow them to accompany us when the entire Senior Class made a visit to the Miner Farm in Chazy on the 3rd of June. They must wait another long year for that opportunity. However, on the 4th and 5th of June, the classes did unite and give the annual interclass play, "Facing the Music," which was a pronounced success.

Again we got together and spent an enjoyable evening with our friends the Juniors on June 6th, when a formal dance was held in the "gym." The following day both classes thoroughly enjoyed a trip to Burlington on the steamer "Vermont."



The time of parting was drawing near and we were forced to admit that the Juniors weren't such a bad sort after all. Surely, we would miss them during the summer.

But vacation wasn't as "everlasting" as we thought it would be and September of this year found the Class of '25 with a double burden on their hands—the responsibility of the Junior Class and a heartfelt interest in the welfare of the Freshmen.

Our first act upon returning was to elect officers. Again we entrusted the leadership of our class to Mr. Brennan and chose Helen Ausman, Vice-President; Mary O'Sullivan, Secretary; and Adolf Pfisterer, Treasurer.

But "business affairs" must be put aside and some entertainment offered the underclassmen. So, on September 19th, the Senior Class entertained the school at a party.

On September 28th, Mr. Thompson kindly consented, at the unanimous solicitation of the Senior Class, to be in name what he had always been in practice, their Faculty Advisor.

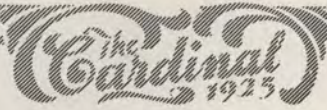
Our Senior year has been rather a quiet one. We have risen to the responsibility of leadership in all things. We have, when occasion demanded, attempted to show our underclassmen the "light." By our example, they have learned to no longer dread examinations, but rather to master the work and have no fears. We have made many dear friends during our stay here from whom we dislike to part.

The Class of '25 must leave unwritten much that would add to its already famous name. What remains unsaid will become prominent in your minds whenever memories of our years together flood upon you. We, as individual members of the Class of '25, go into Life's great battle, sworn to keep kindled in our hearts all those fond memories which were gathered here.

Let us always strive to remember that—

"There're no roads like the old roads
When other roads are rough;
There're no songs like the old songs,
When of jazz you've had enough;
There're no places like the old ones,
Where skies are always blue—
No friends are like the old friends
To tell your troubles to.
And out of all the old roads
One favorite will remain,
And out of all the old songs
There'll linger one refrain.
One place, of all the places,
Will stand Time's grilling test,
But out of all the old friends,
Class friends are always best!"

ANNE G. DUQUETTE.



CHARGE TO THE JUNIORS

We shall turn the time-worn pages in our book of memories back to a Wednesday morning in September, 1923. Well it is that we Seniors remember that day. It seemed Nature had done her utmost to make it as beautiful and pleasing as possible.

But Nature was decisively defeated in her purpose by the unearthly and sinister air of mystery and unrest which prevailed within the confines of this building. Intermittently our attention would be distracted by the sudden appearance of one wild-eyed, terror-stricken individual after another wearing a facial expression which bore the immaterial label "LOST." There was no end to their numbers and their tear-stained faces all looked alike—expressionless and dumb. Every time one of them would nod his head in reply to a question we could hear it rattle. As you have already concluded, these were the future candidates for the present Junior Class.

The spectacle which they presented besides being pathetic was also amusing. Some of the boys still wore knee pants, while several of the female representatives were yet in the pig-tail stage. Of course we Seniors realized the responsibility which fate had so heartlessly wished upon us. There you were, Juniors—poor, bewildered, unsophisticated, homesick children—fresh off the farm—thrust upon us devoid of even the slightest intimation of intelligence. That afternoon we gave you a little entertainment and dance, at which we began to discover several of your many shortcomings and during which time we consoled you with words of wisdom and encouraged you to bear up and carry on. We even took some of you out evenings in an endeavor to improve you, but you were irreparable.

Well, as you know, you stumbled along forever, but never retrieving yourselves. We placed our trust in the proverb, "Where there's life there's hope." You were an eternal question mark, but like the learned judges of yore, we patiently withstood your meaningless onslaught with the faint hope that perhaps eventually you would become endowed with at least a few of the simple rudiments of common sense. But alas! upon this eve of our departure from you, we find you I may say, sunken even deeper into the depths of degradation and despair—retrograding rather than progressing.

Your first public demonstration of gross ignorance was witnessed when you attempted to elect your class officers before you had even become acquainted with each other, knowing not what you were doing or why you were doing it, but as in all your fruitless endeavors—making a big noise all over nothing at all. Of course you had seen how simply and successfully this act had been accomplished by your Seniors and arrogantly seeking to duplicate, you greatly misjudged your own ability and reaped only the unwelcome fruits of misjudgment.

But your representatives were only typical of the body which they represented. This fact was borne out very plainly when on one fine morning the members of the Senior Class entertained you during assembly period with their class song and cheers. You sat there in dismay with open, but silent mouths, presenting a living proof of the old maxim, "Ignorance is bliss." You had no song, you had no cheer,

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you had no life—you were dead, but you were contented. The only apparent sign of life which you displayed was manifested by the hearty applause which you so unwillingly accorded us. Four months afterward you emerged temporarily from your state of coma with a second-hand excuse for a class song which proved to be nothing short of a real good farce. It was afterward rumored that several chords other than the original "lost chord" were missing in that so-called song.

At this point you began to seriously recognize your inferiority and like the vanquished champion of old you began to resort to lower things. Not knowing any better you ridiculed our class colors of green and gold. Colors which are significant of everything that is beautiful and desirable. Nature surrounds you with green as her predominating and choicest color, while all of you are fruitlessly pursuing the gold of the world which will forever be a rainbow to you.

Do you remember the results of your first examinations? About mid-year, thank God, several of your would-be promulgators of learning took a permanent leave of absence from our institution. Their judgment, however, greatly surpassed that of you who remained. They at least realized their hopeless plight. And do you remember that disgraceful beating you received at the hands of our girls' basketball team? Meagre as the number of our boys was, we gave you a very interesting battle. After a while you were bent upon giving a dance and, as was anticipated, it was a howling failure. It was such a dolefully formal affair that all that was lacking to make it a complete funeral was the corpse and even that might have been discovered among your numbers upon closer examination. In June we showed you once more how to put on a successful dance and banquet. Some people profit by their mistakes, but in you this quality has forever been missing.

September, 1924, came as scheduled and, as was to be expected, we found you more degenerated and more hopeless than ever. You immediately set about to win the good-will of the Freshman Class and oh! what a mess you made of it. It got so that the less they saw of you the better it was for your general welfare and as for associating themselves with you in any way—never in their estimation would be entirely too soon.

This year as in the preceding year we were on hand first again with our class song and colors and, in accordance with all precedents and regulations of the institution, we rendered it here in this auditorium in the presence of Dr. Hawkins and the faculty. What did you Juniors attempt to do? Seeing that you were defeated officially you attempted to go in some remote corner of the building and hold your own exercises all by yourself in an unofficial manner and expected to get away with it, but you were soon dispersed. As in all matters of any importance which have been performed here during the past three years, we led and you followed blindly on. Following our program you stood up very boldly and foolishly imagined that for once you were going to be able to answer us. How did you feel when the Seniors began to pass out printed copies of your class song and yells to the entire school and faculty? And what an appropriate setting your original copy and stencil made as it hung draped in mourning here on this rostrum. You certainly covered yourselves with glory that day, so completely so that you made yourselves

invisible for some time afterward. For your class colors, I would suggest a piece of deep mourning to be securely bound and worn about the head so as to obscure the entire face from public exposure. The Freshmen, always alert as they are, immediately appreciated this humorous situation and acknowledged their appreciation by promptly delivering to you the royal razz. Right here the Freshmen openly declared themselves. They have from the beginning been our sincere friends and supporters and, as I have said in effect before, loved you like a dog loves his fleas.

Now I have recalled but a few of the many outstanding demonstrations of your absolute and undisputed inability to carry on here in this institution where we leave off. You have been unsuccessful in everything you have undertaken. Look at yourselves, if you can stand the sight. Look back at your past deeds, now imagine if possible that you have a future. What's to become of you?

That is one question which we believe has no answer. Not even Mephistopheles himself could answer that. You have never evidenced any intent or purpose in life during your sojourn in Plattsburgh State Normal School. In looking over the annals of this institution I have not been able to find one class which could be compared to you in illiteracy, arrogance, incompetency or stupidity. Fine professional qualifications they are, but they are all that you possess. It is with the deepest and most sincere regret that we leave you to rely upon your own initiatives in the future. Such thoughts in our minds reflect only fatal and premature ends. And the most that I can say to you in parting is to place your trust in God and with the sympathetic guidance of the present Freshman Class strive at least to carry on.

HAROLD H. STRATTON.





PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Classmates, schoolmates, members of the faculty, parents and friends. There comes a time in everyone's life when a decision must be made, and to the members of this class, that time occurred a few years ago, when we decided to come to the State Normal School. For some reason or reasons perhaps unknown to us now, we were instilled with the desire to become artists. Not mere players in clay, nor dabbers in paint, but real artists. For after all are not teachers, the moulders and builders of human character, the greatest of artists? Do they not deal with and work with the most valued and delicate of raw materials, the children of the nation? Can you imagine anything of greater importance than proper training for the young people of our country? If the present generation had been fortunate enough to have had better training in the home and in the school this period of crime and degeneration would never have existed. So with some or all of these points in mind we have decided to take up the teaching profession, and endeavor in our own small way to help save the nation from rotting at its very core.

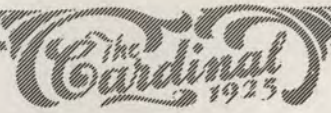
It is not this class, nor its individual members, who are to be congratulated today, for our work has just begun, and our success or failure is yet to be determined. Much praise and many congratulations are due to our dear-beloved parents, who through many years have worked and suffered that we might have a better chance. And in some future day may they glory in our success. In sending forth this praise and thanks we should certainly make a grave error if we failed to direct much of this just credit to our dearest friends, our worthy teachers, who are in the real sense of the word artists, for did they not take us as raw material and prepare us for teaching; and certainly no finer finished product has ever been turned out than the Class of 1925.

Juniors, upon our departure from this school we gladly give over to you the leadership of all class and school affairs, for we feel that a greater and truer friendship never existed between classes. Freshmen, you are no longer considered fresh, because no class could possibly continue in such a state and, at the same time, stay under the same roof with us, your upperclassmen.

Classmates as this is the last time we will meet in an informal manner, I wish to thank you for the honor you have bestowed upon me in giving me the chance to serve you for three years as President of our Class. As a farewell wish, may we all in this world of ours, rise, RISE to the top, and

May the obstacles we meet
Serve us not as defeat,
But as stepping stones
On which we rise to higher thrones.

M. FRANCIS BRENNAN.



CLASS PROPHECY

This is Station P. S. N. S. broadcasting from Plattsburgh, New York, with a program given by the members of the Class of '25. It was impossible to get many of the members at this station so some of the program is to be relayed from other stations through this station. The first number on our program is a piano solo by Mr. Harold Stratton entitled, "I Want A Little Girl Who Can Sew and 'Bake'." Miss Sarah Hofmann will give us a little of her valuable advice on "How to Vamp," and it seems very fitting to have an address by Mrs. Helen Mousseau on "How To Hold A Man After You Get Him."

The following telegram has just been received by us: "Miss Hazel Pecotte is greatly worried by the disappearance of Miss Eileen McGaulley. The two ladies were returning from the 'Art' Galleries in New York and Miss McGaulley (on account of her immense size) was lost in the subway. No trace of her has been found. All communications should be addressed to Miss Hazel Pecotte, 19 Morningside Drive, New York City."

Miss Aileen Rockwell will now favor us with a solo entitled, "I Want to Be a Good Girl." Miss Lula Finigan who has been very active in the Junior High School movement will give a short talk on "What the Junior High School Means to Us." Miss Catherine Phillips, a partner of the famous Maurice, will give us a brief talk on "How to Tango."

As a special feature this evening we will broadcast the cast of a Broadway hit, entitled, "Modern Marriage," featuring Mary Cronin as the "Contented Housewife," Frances Johnson as the "Domineering Spouse," Pat Pettengill as the "Vamp," Sylvia Johnson as the "Family Adviser," Judy Shufelt as the "Nursemaid," Francis Brennan as the "Divorce Lawyer," Foster Loso as the "Model Husband," and Kit Kiley and Mary O'Sullivan as the "Mischievous Cherubs."

The next number will be a series of the latest song hits:

"Put Away a Little Ray of Sunshine," by Helen Spencer.

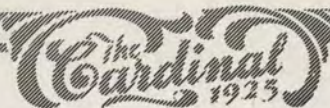
"Listen Lester," by Pauline Gailey.

"Down by the O-H-I-O," by Norma Kohl.

"I Wonder What's Become of William," by Peg Carroll.

"A Smile Will Go A Long, Long Way," by Betty Crawford.

Marion Holland and Charlotte Hulihan, editors of *The Town Gossip*, wish to announce the following news items: The Wagemaker Twins are conducting an establishment called "The Question Box," with branches in all large cities. All information and news eagerly sought. Miss Dot Henry is conducting an agency to help needy girls secure eligible men for all social functions. Margaret McGraw is a successful saleslady and demonstrator for a lotion called "How to Keep a Sweet Disposition." Mary McCarthy is featuring in "Noise," which is playing on Broadway. Sully has just had her book, "Odes to a Flapper," published. This is symbolic of the frivolous streak Sully acquired during her last few weeks at Normal.



Bernice Sheffield and Mary Powers are still in Cadyville, we wonder why? Gladys Keddy is running a boarding and rooming house for all P. S. N. S. teachers at Beacon and we understand there is quite a waiting list. Are the rules strict, Gladys? Miss Elma Anson and Miss Alberta Chase are still teaching school, but we understand that Elma is seriously considering giving up teaching, is that so, Elma? Helen McCrea, Iva LaRoe and Marguerite Murray are still working hard and we extend our best wishes to them. Helen McCaffrey is touring the country with her girls' basketball team, which has a long trail of victories due to Helen's efficient coaching. Bertha Bullis is now editor of *Snappy Stories*. Lydyia Erickson and Elizabeth DeLisle are keeping as good track of each other as they ever did.

We are relaying from Station N-E-W-S an invitation from Laura Sorrell and Hannah Marvin, owners of "Stroll Inn," to all the members of the Class of '25 to a reunion of the class to be held April 1. Admission \$2.00 and at least three topics of Scandal. G. Hayward Webster has taken over control of the "Nash" Corporation and wishes all his old friends to call on him.

Francis Gallagher is with us again and will render a piano solo, entitled, "I'll Always Come Back." Mary Grimes will deliver an address on "How to Acquire Dignity."

Stand by for a minute! The static is so loud that we cannot broadcast. Here we are again, the "static" turned out to be Rita Rooney coming up to the sending station in Steve's flivver. She was in a hurry because she had to meet the train that Kay O'Connell came on from New York.

We are in receipt of telegram from other members of the Class. The first one reads: "I am enjoying the program immensely with my 'Honeycomb-Coyle' set." (Signed) Mim Anderson. Another says that Gen Lyons is running a chicken farm at Valcour. Another saying that Mary Morrissey has endowed a hospital in Plattsburgh to care for Normal girls when they are ill.

Freda Goldman is a successful business woman, her enormous income being due to her Psychology of Business.

Mickey Tierney is now Dean of P. S. N. S. and the others who have positions there are: Adolf Pfisterer, Head of the Commercial Department; Gen Milvo is Official Pager, which recalls to our minds that she was always looking for some member of the Faculty when we were in school; and Cynthia Brooks is teaching Bookkeeping.

The only member that we haven't heard from this evening is Dorothy Goodspeed, but we aren't surprised because we waited patiently for her to speak for herself during three years at Normal.

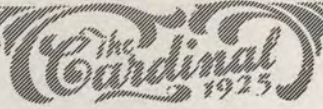
The next number on our program is a poem composed by Helen Ausman, entitled, "A Sailor's Wife A Sailor's Star Shall Be." Hazel Drew is teaching in Montreal, we have heard that she wants to be near Plattsburgh.

The last number on our program is Bed Time Stories by Anne Duquette.

We are signing off now. Good-night folks!

CATHERINE PHILLIPS.

MERCEDES TIERNEY.



CLASS ORATION

We are so familiar today with free popular government and so prone to accept all the benefits and privileges under it that we sometimes forget the dark and dreary centuries of bloodshed and conflict that were endured by our ancestors before they won their Independence or the right to manage and direct their own affairs both nationally and privately.

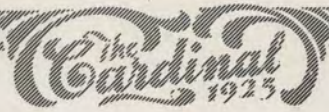
History reveals that in the year 1066, William the Norman conquered England and divided the land among his followers. Then followed a period of harsh ruling and extension of power from the Crown to worthy or perhaps unworthy subjects. The Crown stood forth as the ruling power and dictated its policies to its oppressed people and lavished its power on a favored few.

A century and a half afterwards, the barons and people came together in a great meeting at Runnymede and demanded King John to remit his exactions. There the Magna Charta, the great charter of English liberties, was signed. With this as a beginning the people continued to strive for their rights. Protests and petitions were continued; revolts occurred, and finally after a long see-saw struggle between the King, representing autocracy, and the people, striving for independence and democracy, our independence of today had its birth.

While this long struggle was going on, a few who were impatient with the slow progress being made toward liberty, and who were endowed with courage, perseverance, self-reliance, and above all that unquenchable thirst for independence, came to America. But alas! They were doomed to bitter disappointment. The rights of liberty which they had struggled and bled for in England were not to be theirs in this new world. The King declared this new land his private estate, and they as subjects without the right of representation in government. Our colonists claimed that those rights which they had struggled so long to secure in England, were theirs in America. The result we all know. The colonies went to war to establish their claim.

America won political independence through the Revolutionary War. The people of the confederate States were no longer subject to English jurisdiction and were free agents to dictate their own political policy and to direct their own affairs. But political freedom does not make independence any more than a fence makes a boundary. A fence merely marks a boundary already in existence and is put up after the line is established. In like manner the recognition of American Independence by England only marked the independence of spirit that already existed among the colonists and was announced only after the fact had been clearly settled by war.

National Independence in America today reflects the imbedded spirit of personal independence that characterizes the people of the United States. Our National Independence was founded by the Pioneer through three centuries of hand-to-hand conflict with the elements of nature in the conquest of a new continent. The Pioneer, self-reliant, courageous, and ever far seeing, blazed his path from ocean



to ocean, from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate. The Pioneer communities were made up of resourceful, reliant, and self-respecting individuals who accepted the fact of personal worth and ability as a matter of course. They respected the rights of others, but in turn were equally insistent upon a recognition of their rights.

Our spirit of independence in America is directly derived from the Pioneer spirit of democracy based on the recognition of the inherent worth of the individual and the recognition of the fact that every human good or every human evil in this country or in the world, affects the individual either for the better or for the worse.

We are citizens of this United States. Shall we not as individuals carry on in the great avenues begun by our Pioneer forefathers? Shall we not strive by noble acts, and noble, clean, and straightforward lives to widen and lengthen the avenues of liberty, independence, and democracy so unselfishly established by them? But above all shall we not as teachers cherish and develop that Pioneer spirit of independence and make our chosen profession the perpetuator of that immortal theme—Independence.

G. HAYWARD WEBSTER.



IVY ORATION

For three years, we have looked forward with mingled thoughts of joy and sorrow to this time when one of our greatest hopes would be realized. Friendships that have been molded will last throughout our lives.

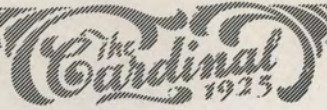
We have endeavored to leave to the underclassmen the best example possible, and we wish them success in all their undertakings. Even as the curtains of this part of our lives are drawing together, we give our pledge of loyalty and fidelity to the school of our choice.

Our motto "It is not who you are, but what you are that counts" has guided our course, and will direct us to higher achievements after we leave you. We take with us besides a knowledge of subject matter, the real meaning of service and cooperation—and we shall never forget it.

Mere words cannot express our gratitude to the faculty. Their unselfish sacrifice in helping us in difficulties that were numerous, and the wealth of information they have bestowed on us, will always be remembered.

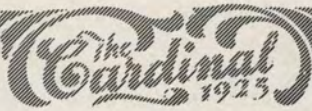
As this ivy will flourish and cling to our Alma Mater, so we shall treasure the knowledge that we have acquired, and the friendships that we have made in those halls.

MARY O'SULLIVAN.



ILLUSTRIOUS ONES

Class Musician	Harold Stratton
Class Beauty	Sylvia Johnson
Class Bluff	Sarah Hofmann
Class Optimist	Genevieve Milvo
Class Pessimist	Margaret McGraw
Class Grind	Cynthia Brooks
Class Dancer	Katherine O'Connell
Class Booster	Foster Loso
Class Cut-up	Evelyn Pettengill
Most Influential	Francis Brennan
Most Intellectual	Anna Duquette
Most Popular	Katherine Kiley
Most Dignified	Mary Grimes
Most Sincere	Evelyn Nash
Most Sentimental	Helen Northrop Mousseau
Most Indifferent	Margaret Carroll
Most Attractive	Aileen Rockwell
Most Enthusiastic	Julia Shufelt
Most Original	Catherine Phillips
Most Athletic	Helen McCaffrey
Most Ambitious	Bernice Sheffield
Best All-around	Mercedes Tierney
Best Dresser	Francis Johnson
Wittiest	Eileen McGaulley



CLASS WILL

As we the Scholarly
Energetic
Noted
Intelligent
Orderly
Respectful Class of 1925

are about to enter a new field of work, we have drawn up our last Will and Testament, and bequeath:

To the Class of '26 our ability to conduct themselves as a class of dignified Seniors.

To the Class of '27 we leave the excess money of the Senior Class, to enable them to attend basketball games and lectures next year.

In particular, we bequeath the following:

To Maurice Rabinowitz—Francis Brennan's ability to guide his class successfully.

To George Lenaghan—A broadcaster so he may broadcast an invitation to the dances and won't have to call up so many girls.

To Louis Drinkwine and Gertrude Heath—A special mailman to carry their letters next year.

To Christine Braman—A 26 hour day so she will be able to do the things she doesn't have time for now.

To Betty Walsh—A hair net to fasten her curls up.

To Nellie Cardillo—A new song.

To Anna Gill—A good disposition.

To Ceil Regan—Some soothing syrup to soothe her in her ups and "Downs."

To Florence Mulvey—A new pal to take the place of Charlotte.

To Dolly Bowe—A pack of cards to play solitaire.

To Ruth Ledger—A contract to play in assembly next year.

To Lois McCarty—A wig to use while letting her hair grow.

To Doris Frazier—A position as Miss Goodridge's assistant, as an example of good posture.

To Gladys Roberts—A can of "Libby's Beans.

To Ruth Larson—A "Big Ben."

To Frances Allen and Winifred Call—Positions in the same school.

To Florence Biser—A book to write down gossip.

To Katherine Oles—A position as understudy to Kreisler.

To Lillian McDougal—Some reducing records.

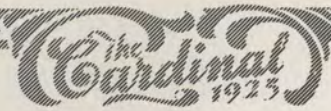
To Dorothy Hayes—A pass on the D. and H. to see a "red-haired man."

To Edith Huber—Ruth's place as pianist next February.

To Francis Ryan—A deaf and dumb pal to whom he may rave about Newburgh.

To Beatrice Wescott—Permission to ask all the questions she wants to.

To Irene Beirne—A book on "How To Be A Real Vamp."



- To Margaret Cunningham—A dressmaker to shorten her dresses.
- To Emily Cunningham—An interest in the G. E. Works.
- To Margaret Reed—A note book so she won't have to say lemme yer (Lemieux) notes.
- To Mable Graham—Some nerve tonic to take before going into the grades.
- To Herwood Prevost—A book by G. Heyward on "How To Make Love."
- To Albert Herzog—Strat's taking ways with the ladies.
- To Anne Ryan—A standing date with the hair dresser so she won't poke her eye out.
- To Esther Goldman—Lu Finigan's ability.
- To Bessie Facto—A private library so she can look up references without interruptions.
- To Anne Rovelle—A special course with Mr. Smith so she can laugh at his jokes.
- To Emelyn Murray—Cynthia's Brooks' studiousness.
- To Helen DeRidder—A "drag" with the faculty.
- To Madeline Arthur—A special punch so she won't have to bother Mrs. Amsden every time she is absent.
- To Frances Connors—Eileen McGaulley's pep.
- To Ruth Pratt—A book by Miss Goodridge on "How to Get Thin."
- To Lois DeLano—Our appreciation of a good pal and best wishes for next year.
- To Jimmie Quenan—A small, secluded farm where he may enjoy "life as a bachelor."
- To Marie Hanley—A notebook containing *all* the music notes.
- To Genevieve Finnigan—Some of Gen Milvo's avoirdupois.
- To Pauline Rosebrook—Title of "Class Boss" in the illustrious ones of '26.
- To Eileen LaHaise—Helen McCaffrey's drag with Miss Tompkins.
- To Alma Whiteman—A man for the Normal dances.
- To Mary Lucian—Pettengill's good posture.
- To Martha Carlson—A bungalow—we hear you will need one.
- To Gladys Eaton—A date every third Thursday.
- To Isabel Beveridge—A position in Keeseville.
- To Julianna Hunter—A right to keep on bluffing.
- To Clementine Snyder—A song entitled "My Radio Man."
- To Darwin Keyser—Another boy in the general course.
- To Myra Downey—A man for the next Mid-Year dance.
- To Mary LaMoy—A horn so her classmates will know she's there.
- To Mrs. O'Donnell—Authority to revise the model school.
- To Evelyn Nelson—A position as bookkeeper at Jacque's.
- To Harriet Lavison—A right to be cheer leader next year, and a Freshman Class who will go to the games.
- To Gwendolyn Wilcox—A box of freckle cream.
- To Margaret Tunney—A double to take her place in first period classes.
- To Charles Beahan—Position of drummer in Paul Whiteman's Orchestra after he graduates from P. S. N. S.

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To Betty Lawless—A position as director in "Rooney's Orchestra."

To Vera Schoenweiss—Position as adviser to the President of the Class of '27.

To Andrew Broadwell—Some originality.

To "Jerry" Ryan—A cushion to use when he parks on McDowell's steps.

To "Pop" Ryan—A date with any girl in the Freshman Class.

To Albert Brault—Pfisterer's common sense.

To Marion Turk—A red lantern so she may continue her search for an honest Freshman.

To the Faculty we give our sincere gratitude, our highest respect and deepest affection.

CHASE
KLEY
WAGEMAKER
TIERNEY
SORRELL
ANDERSON

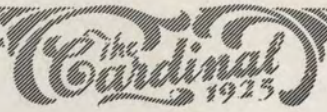
McCAFFERY
GOLDMAN
NASH
LoSo
AUSMAN

ANSON
HOFMANN
1925

Per

MARY GRIMES
AILEEN ROCKWELL





MEMENTOES

For hours each week some time I've spent,
Racking my brains for a gift for you,
It's a job in itself to please each one
And give you all a bit of fun.
So to some it may cause sorrow,
To others it may give pain;
But be a sport and take it right,
It's all in the game.

"PAT."

- To Miriam Anderson—A lunch cart so you will never want for food.
To Elma Anson—Our best wishes.
To Helen Ausman—Another man to add to your chart.
To Gladys Baker—A soft pedal.
To Francis Brennan—A pipeless furnace. You can furnish the "Hot Air."
To Cynthia Brooks—A permanent wave.
To Bertha Bullis—A position as social secretary in an old maid's home.
To Margaret Carroll—A bunch of "Sweet William."
To Elizabeth Crawford—A song entitled, "A smile will go a long, long way."
To Mary Cronin—Wash tub and an ironing board to add to your hope chest.
(Don't get discouraged Mary.)
To Elizabeth DeLisle—A song entitled, "I want to be loved like a baby."
To Hazel Drew—A book on "How to control Uncontrolable tempers."
To Lydia Erickson—A rattle to make some noise with.
To Elsa Felkel—A professorship in Accounting.
To Lulu Finigan—We give you credit for being a perfect peach.
To Pauline Gailey—A song entitled, "Listen Lester."
To Francis Gallagher—Seven more lives. You've already lost two.
To Freda Goldman—A share in the bus line.
To Dorothy Goodspeed and } A permanent tardy excuse to Dr. Henshaw's History of Ed. class.
To Genevieve Lyons }
To Mary Grimes—More dignity.
To Dorothy Henry—A man so that you will always have him for the school dances.
To Sarah Hofmann—A steady fellow.
To Marion Holland—A pair of long stockings.
To Charlotte Hulihan—A job in Richford, Vt.
To Frances Johnson—Another hour with Johnny.
To Sylvia Johnson—An interest in Brown's Clothing Store.
To Gladys Keddy—A light to guide you to Beacon.



To Katherine Kiley—A P.-G. course at the High School so as to be near your Charlie.

To Norma Kohl—An interest in the Strand Theater.

To Iva LaRoe—A set of Van Camp's reducing records.

To Foster Loso—A loud speaker so as to give your voice a rest.

To Hannah Marvin—A course in playing the violin so you will be a greater help to your Frank.

To Helen McCaffrey—A Maxim silencer for use at basketball games.

To Mary McCarthy—A cure for the giggles.

To Helen McCrea—Another hour to study.

To Eileen McGaulley—A shamrock so we will never mistake your nationality.

To Margaret McGraw—A contract with the Musical Comedy.

To Genevieve Milvo—A book on "How to Reduce."

To Mary Morrissey—A private room in the new hospital.

To Margaret Murray—A book of etiquette.

To Evelyn Nash—A cross-word puzzle so you can use a dictionary. Be sure its Webster's.

To Helen Mousseau—A bungalow.

To Katherine O'Connell—A house in "Officers' Row."

To Mary O'Sullivan—A set of stretching exercises so you will grow taller.

To Hazel Pecotte—A scholarship in the course of "Art."

To Adolf Pfisterer—A position as understudy for Rudolf Valentino.

To Catherine Phillips—A barber shop so you will always be near the barber's son.

To Mary Powers—A contract to teach in "Cape Town."

To Aileen Rockwell—A ticket to Washington so you will be near your Good.

To Rita Rooney—A job cleaning Dusty Roads. (Rhodes.)

To Bernice Sheffield—We leave Jack—the electrician.

To Laura Sorrell—an I. C. S. course on "How to avoid stuttering."

To Helen Spencer—Apologies from Clio for making Ray late for dates.

To Harold Stratton—Knee braces to aid you in walking straight.

To Kathryn Sullivan—A movable wardrobe.

To Mercedes Tierney—A dictionary so you will not disturb the peace of others while working out cross-word puzzles.

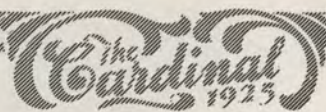
To Hayward Webster—A Nash car to keep in harmony with your girl.

To the Wagemaker twins—A book on "Punctuality."

To Alberta Chase—A wig or transformation in case you should ever want to teach at Chazy.

To Anne Duquette—A vacation. She needs it after all the work she has done this year.

EVELYN M. PETTENGILL.



VALEDICTORY

The moment which severs us from the happy association of our school life has come. While it stirs within us the very depths of feeling, it seems to silence its expression.

Fellow Seniors, we have today reached the goal towards which our constant energies for the past three years—yes, for all our school years—have borne us on. When two years ago we met here in this hall and listened, with feelings akin to awe, to the parting words of the Class of '23, we must have looked forward into the dim future to the time when we should stand in their places and exchange similar words of friendship and farewell. Today that anticipation, then seemingly so distant, becomes a reality. We must go forth from the sheltering halls of our Alma Mater to take up our work in the world; as graduates to be sure, but as students also to matriculate in the School of Life.

No small honor is bestowed upon us. To be graduated, to be advanced from pupilage to freedom, means that under the kind and thoughtful guidance of our teachers we have been so trained that our own sense of responsibility may be safely substituted for teachers and rules and restraints. Hitherto, others have been more or less responsible for our opinions and conduct. Henceforth, we alone must take that responsibility. It is a sobering thought.

However, today, my Classmates, is not so much dedicated to the scanning of the necessities and possibilities of the future, as to Mnemosyne, Goddess of Memory, and to the recalling of days now past, that we may fix them the more firmly in our hearts, lest the rude hand of the outer world to which we go brush them too easily aside and they be forgotten.

Members of the Faculty, we cannot leave without assuring you, who have led us to the happy culmination of our students days, that your efforts in our behalf have been fully appreciated. Our relations with you have been singularly happy and it is with deep regret that we pass from your thoughtful guidance and instruction to the rougher discipline of the world. Your influence upon us, the results of your careful teaching, no one can today measure. Words are useless in expressing our appreciation. Our deeds alone after we leave you will show how much or how little we have appreciated your work. May it long be the good fortune of future classes to enjoy the same stimulating influence of your thoughts, the same hearty assistance and ready interest in every phase of their school life.

Classmates, it is time to say farewell. We are about to embark on the sea of Life, that boundless sea, with its infinite expanse of possibilities, its unploughed paths, its unexplored depths. Beyond it lies the goal of all our efforts, but beneath its now placid surface lies many a noble bark. There will be reefs and dangerous headlands to threaten and storms and hostile vessels to oppose; yet to navigate it successfully is life's grand achievement. How well we shall ride the waves and

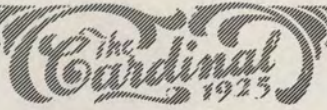
The Cardinal 1913

weather the storms is hid in the mists of the horizon, but let us go forth determined to live up to the ideals that have been set for us. To be sure parting is sad, but the words of an American poet stand us in need today:

"It seems as you look back over things, that all that you treasure dear
Is somehow blent in a wondrous way with a heart pang and a tear.
Though many a day is a joyous one when viewed by itself apart,
The golden threads in the warp of life are the sorrow tugs at your hearts."

A. G. D.





SALUTATORY

Parents, Teachers, Friends, and Fellow-students:

It is with deepest gratitude and sincerest affection that we greet you on this day of all days—Commencement. The dreams we have dreamed, the visions we have had, the ideals we have cherished—are today realities. Three years ago when we crossed the dear old campus for the first time, graduation seemed a thing far removed, remote, almost unattainable. Looking ahead we thought how long those three years would be, how unutterably long and weary. But, like many before us, and many who will follow, we “kept faith,” and today as we look back we are amazed at the flight of time. Three years of one’s life is a long time to think of giving, even to so worthy a cause. But once given, how very little seems the sacrifice when compared with the reward!

Today we stand on the threshold of life—tomorrow we shall have passed from the shelter of our Alma Mater, from the help and care and teachings that have made us what we are, and we shall become only grains of sand in the mighty desert of the world. The thought of it must overwhelm us were it not for the lessons you, our teachers, have painstakingly taught us. But we do not go empty-handed, for we hold in our hearts and our hands the two greatest gifts—Faith and Service. From you, our beloved parents and teachers, we have received these gifts. Your faith in us has been our beacon light through many a storm these past three years, and the service you have given us we will pass on to those of the coming generation! By your example and your teaching have we learned the sweetest of lessons—Faith and Service. What you have done for us, we pledge ourselves we will try to do for others.

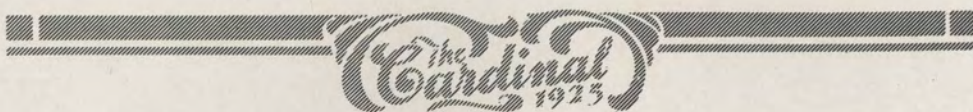
Dear friends, the Class of 1925 welcomes you!

KATHERINE A. O’CONNELL.





JUNIORS



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S

President

MAURICE RABINOWITZ Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Vice-President

GERTRUDE HEATH Schenectady, N. Y.

Secretary

PEARL O'DONNELL Elizabethtown, N. Y.

Treasurer

HUGH P. CONWAY Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Faculty Advisors

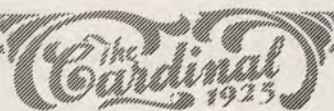
ELIZABETH KETCHUM Oswego, N. Y.

MARGARET GARRITY Chatham, N. Y.

CLASS COLORS
CRIMSON AND SILVER

CLASS FLOWER
RED ROSE

CLASS MOTTO
"Onward and Upward"



HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '26

There in the crowded court room sat the two parties involved in the trial which was at last slowly drawing to a close. One party, the Class of '25 and the Class of '27 of P. S. N. S., the plaintiffs, and the second party, the Class of '26, the defendants.

The lawyer for the defense rose to make his plea to the jury—a plea which will be written in the annals of our history because of its greatness and force. "Gentlemen of the Jury, you see before you the Class of 1926 of the Plattsburgh State Normal School. There are many facts which have been presented in this room today which prove that the defendants are not guilty of the charge made by the plaintiffs, the Class of '25 and the Class of '27 of Plattsburgh State Normal School."

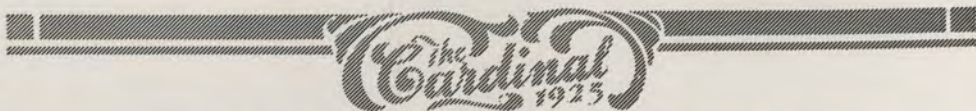
"It has been proved that in September, 1923, the Class of '26 first assembled in Plattsburgh State Normal School with at least one hundred five students enrolled. Immediately, the class met and elected four persons to represent them: President, Louis Drinkwine; Vice-President, Frances Allen; Secretary, Pearl O'Donnell; and Treasurer, Charles Beahan. These persons have been shown to be loyal, capable, and trustworthy in all the class and school affairs. The Class of '26 held an important position in all the activities of the school. Herwood Prevost, Roswell Clukey, Maurice Rabinowitz, and Francis Ryan were chosen as basketball men. Gentlemen of the Jury, you need only to have seen them play to realize the splendid work these men contributed. It was not the boys alone who added to the class achievements, but the girls as well. Lois DeLano, Edith Huber, and Eileen LaHaise showed good form and training in the girls' basketball team."

"Gentlemen of the Jury, it is especially noteworthy that in the annual basketball contest between the defendants and the Class of '25, the boys of the Class of '26 were successful."

"The majority of the members of the Plattsburgh State Normal School Orchestra during the years 1923, 1924 and 1925 have been members of the Class of '26. These persons have been presented to the court previously. They are Ruth Ledger, Dorothy Brothers, Catherine Oles, and Louis Drinkwine."

"Gentlemen of the Jury, it has also been shown and proved that the defendants have contributed liberally in all financial matters. One instance has been mentioned in which the Class of '26 gave a large sum for the purchase of a picture which is to be presented to the school in the near future."

"The life at the school has not been all work, Gentlemen of the Jury. That is not to be expected. In 1924, a school play was presented under the management of Edwin L. Taylor of the Normal School faculty. The cast included four students of the Class of '26: Pauline Rosebrook, Anna Gill, Francis Ryan, and Hugh Conway. The efforts of these students helped to give the play the ultimate success which it attained. Furthermore, Gentlemen, the years in which they have been students in P. S. N. S. affairs which even the plaintiffs agree were altogether successful and enjoyable occasions."



"In June, 1924, the first year of work in the Plattsburgh State Normal School was completed. Records prove, Gentlemen of the Jury, that the defendants at all times held a high standing in the scholastic work of the year. All of which goes to prove their ability and strength."

"School reopened in September, 1924, and again this Class of '26 assembled, prepared for even more successful work during the second year in Plattsburgh. The officers elected this time were: President, Maurice Rabinowitz; Vice-President, Gertrude Heath; Secretary, Pearl O'Donnell; and Treasurer, Hugh Conway. They have loyally supported their class, throughout the year, Gentlemen of the Jury."

"The representatives of the defendants on the basketball teams remained unchanged. The work which was begun in 1923 was successfully carried on in 1924 and 1925. Records of the games prove this statement, Gentlemen. If the ability of members of the Class of '26 had not been recognized it is doubtful that two Juniors, Lois DeLano and Ruth Larson, would have been elected as officers of the Athletic Association."

"The plaintiffs, themselves, found that the defendants were leaders not followers when the said defendants led the other classes in the class day activities of this year, Gentlemen of the Jury."

"In conclusion, Gentlemen of the Jury, let me say that the evidence presented tends to prove the ability, loyalty and work of the defendants, the Class of '26 of the Plattsburgh State Normal School."

The jury withdrew from the crowded court room, but in a few moments returned with the verdict—"Guilty."

The voice of the Judge calmed the tumult which arose: "Class of '26 of the Plattsburgh State Normal School, the jury finds you guilty. You are accused of being one of the most successful classes ever enrolled in P. S. N. S. The sentence is that you shall be bound for life to the chains of success and achievement. You must endeavor in the future, as in the past, to be true to your motto—"Upward and Onward."

D. FRAZIER.





REPLY TO THE SENIORS

Senior Class, I am voicing the thoughts of the Class of '26. We know that you never asked our opinion and, of course, the reason is that the truth hurts.

The very first day we saw you, we realized that a group of individuals who looked so tired, dumb, spiritless, and utterly bereft of any sign of intelligence could never be compared with the bright, wide-awake group which now faces you.

Perhaps at some moments you have come in the vicinity of a state of sanity—at least you have in your own estimation, as we have heard all too often—from you. What a colossal task has faced these hard-working instructors! They have tried to fill the vacuums you call minds, and they have failed.

What you have needed is a good example, and there is not a better one than the Class of '26. Your instructors have helped you only as much as you yourselves would let them. The remainder of the hopeless task of dragging you from the depths of the sticky mire of self-love into which you fell rested on us, and we admit that we could not extricate you.

If only you had been able to develop the modest, snappy, loyal spirit of the Class of '26 we should have had some hope for you. We offer you copious amounts of sympathy—you need it all I am sure.

You have been so narrowed and stunted that you have had difficulty in concentrating yourselves on more than one thing at a time. Weren't you pleased when you came into chapel in the fall of 1923 and attempted to sing a distorted and jumbled mass of words camouflaged by the word "song"? You have enjoyed talking about it. How much this must have meant to you I can guess because you spent all the time since the previous fall to prepare for it. You noticed, though, that we were not content to let the matter lie, but sang our well-worded and harmonious song before we went home for the Easter vacation.

When it came to participation in the important phases of school life, the things that counted, as the school play, the school parties, the dances, athletics, studies (for after all, we do come to Normal to learn something about teaching), the writing for the *CARDINAL* you have talked so much about, and any other activity requiring pep, knowledge, and real resourcefulness, the members of the Class of '26 always played the leading rôles. What a thorn we have been in your side we realize—of course you were supposedly dignified Seniors and should have led the way for us, but our superior qualities had to come to the fore.

We have heard you say often and very loudly, in our presence, "We are Seniors." It has sounded like the whistle of a small boy going past some place of which he was afraid, and who, when he gets by the place, turns around and shouts, "Come on, I'm not afraid of you." This is not the way in which we conducted ourselves, for one night on the old High School basketball court, three Juniors overcame five Seniors by a goodly score.

In the first half of our Freshman year you endeavored to teach us. By watching you we were initiated into the intricacies of some new kind of dance, which consisted of many wiggings and twitchings. Evidently you were reviving the

Egyptian shimmy. At various times stuttering and stammerings were added. In the halls and before class your conceit was evident, but the minute you tried to teach you became twitching, stuttering, lisping, stammering individuals. Nothing but evil looks were given to the kind-hearted Juniors who were well-disposed and tried to assist you. The situation was too unbearable to last—we heartily thanked the faculty when you were withdrawn.

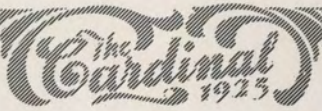
Plattsburgh State Normal School has had an enviable record for developing teachers. As I look you over, there is a question in my mind as to whether you will be of high enough caliber to uphold the good reputation. Unless you undergo a complete change, I shudder to think of what will happen. What a hard task we shall face to retrieve that glorious reputation when we begin to teach. Were it not for capabilities, we know the task would be well-nigh impossible.

In your future career, we give you the privilege to use our motto (which we allow people to see, "Onward and Upward," and in keeping this thought before you, perhaps, perhaps, you may, by dint of great sustained effort, become what might be called a teacher.

We need no system of mnemonics by which to remember the Class of '25. You are indelibly printed on the pages of our minds, and our hearty wishes for your success the Class of 1926 now extends to you.

MAURICE RABINOWITZ.





JUNIOR CLASS POEM

Our second year is drawing to a close;
But 'ere with all its pleasantness it goes,
We've a word we'd like to say,
Just a little, if we may,
'Ere speeds on the parting day
Of we Juniors.

When first as Freshmen, then, we entered school,
'Twas seldom that we tried to rescind a rule.
Oh! 'tis very, very true
That 'twas little that we knew;
But we soon learned what to do,
When we were Juniors.

Aye now our Junior year is almost gone.
Many the battles we have fought and won.
Wiser now are we by far.
Brilliant are we like the stars.
Nothing now our path can bar,
For we are Juniors.

Soon, now, the year will roll around again,
'Till, Seniors, the Class of Twenty-six comes in.
Then our work we'll carry on.
Mixing it with shares of fun,
Keeping on as we've begun
While we are Juniors.

Dear School, a pledge of faith to thee we'll make.
The tasks the Seniors leave for us we'll take.
Loyal we will always be.
Sponsor all thy works will we.
Fame we'll win and keep for thee,
As trusty Seniors.

J. GARDEPHE.

Ruth Pratt

Anne Powell

Catherine Oles.

Florence Biser. M V Sorenson

Margaret A. Reed Geraldyn Wilcox

Myra B. Downey. Maurice Rabinowitz

Herwood Prevost Frances Connors Vivian Hescott

Anna Ryan

Anna Kyle

Marie Hauley

Eleen La Duce

Florence Mulvey

Mildred Stafford

C. M. Arthur

Winifred Call

Frances Allen

Gertrude Heath

Lois D. Law

Thelma Vaughn

Nellie E. Cardillo

Grace Mc Caughen

Bessie Facts

Harrett Lavis on

Mrs. Daisy Baker

Maryland King

Lenore Morgan

Don Gray

Juliana Hunter

Pauline Rosebrook

James Lennan

Vivian Hescott

Ruth E. Ledger Pearl E. O'Donnell Emily Cunningham
Albert T Herzog Mabel Morrison Alberta Moody
Margaret E Tunney Anna Dougherty Elizabeth Walsh
James H. Dinkins Dorothy Brothers Helena Bove
Esther L. Goldman Lois McCarty Christine Braman

Martha E. Carlson
Elizabeth Carney
Clementine C. Snyder

Mary Oegan
Emelyn Murray

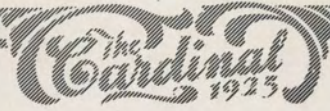
Elen J. Tinkell
Geo. Lenaghan
Charles Beahan
Harwin Kensor
Margaret Cunningham
Mabel Weldon
Beatrice Fox
Helen De Ridder
J. Evelyn Nelson
Julia M. Liridapha
Lillian MacDougall
Mabel I. Graham

Heldegarde Kestley
Dorothy Hayes
Hugh P. Conway

Mary Lucian
Elma L. Whitman Edna L. Shattuck Elizabeth Ellis
Francis Ryan Isabel P. Benenidge Katherine Dragoon
Ruth H. M. Larson Norma Bayne Gladys Roberts
Edith I. Huber Mary LaMay Irene Beirne
G. Eaton



The Cardinal
1923



JUNIOR CLASS SONG

We're Juniors in this good old school,
As you know, as you know.
We do obey its every rule,
As you surely know.
We're learning now to love the place,
To keep up with its gayest pace.

CHORUS

JUNIORS '26, '26,
JUNIORS, Class of '26.

We're not the only class you know,
Though we're best, though we're best.
We're wise enough, you see, to show,
Since we are the best,
That we at least can recognize,
Some other class is yet alive.

CHORUS

We play the game with all our might,
And we fight, and we fight.
We always play it fair and right,
Though we always fight,
When Seniors threaten us with woe
You find we never backward go.

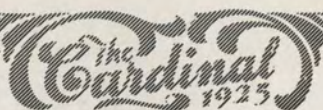
CHORUS

We've taken for our colors true,
To keep fair, to keep fair,
Gay crimson and bright silver hues;
And we'll keep them fair.
Whene'er a Senior ventures nigh
Our flaunting colors meet his eye.

CHORUS

We'll stand by this dear school of ours,
Evermore, evermore;
And to our class of greatest power,
Loyal be and more.
When Seniors pass the torch to us,
Be ours to keep it for our trust.

CHORUS



A BIT OF NO-SENSE

A Play in Five Acts

BY

RUTH LARSON AND J. EVELYN NELSON

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Margaret Tunney.....The vivacious stepdaughter
Francis Ryan.....The cruel stepfather
Albert Herzog (Al.).....The villainous desperado
Hugh Conway.....The debonair hero
George Lenaghen.....A near hero
James Quenan.....The kind priest
Charles Beahan.....The unfortunate youth
Lois DeLano.....The bone of contention
Irene Bierne.....The hired girl

SYNOPSIS

ACT I

Time—8 P. M., any summer evening.

Scene—Spacious drawing room in Ryan mansion on Montcalm Avenue.

ACT II

Time—9 P. M., same evening.

Scene—Flower garden on Ryan estate.

ACT III

Time—Later, same evening.

Scene—Ausable Chasm.

ACT IV

Time—Midnight.

Scene—Same as Act I.

ACT V

Time—Several weeks later.

Scene—St. John's Church.

ACT I

(Stepfather and stepdaughter seated at table.)

Tunney (pathetically)—“Father, I love Hugh Conway!”

Ryan (at white heat)—“I’d rather see you in your grave than married to him.”
(Hammers table with fist furiously.) “And what’s more—don’t you ever dare speak to that miserable, low-down, impudent, young scamp again! You know the man I have picked out for you is Albert Herzog! Why, girl, he’s a fortune and the catch of the season!”

Tunney (rising and facing her father with her eyes afire)—“I shall never wed Albert!” (Flaunts out of the room.)

The Cardinal 1923

Ryan—"Coises!"

(Enter Al., twirling his moustache, and with a gleam in his eyes, and lips curled contemptuously.)

Al.—"Any success?"

Ryan (dolefully)—"No."

Al. (with a luring glance at Ryan)—"Well, Ryan, you know my price! Your daughter's consent in one week, or the world shall know the true murderer of Maurice Rabinowitz!"

(Exit Al.)

Ryan—"Ye gods! What a mess."

Curtain.

ACT II

Tunney (waiting in the summer house)—"Why doesn't he come? Why doesn't he come?"

Hugh (in a low voice)—"Tunney, are you there?"

Tunney—"Oh, Hugh!" (with a sob. They cling together in a strong embrace). "It's no use, Hugh. Father says I must marry Albert."

Hugh (turns away and moans anguishly)—"I cannot bear to lose you, Tunney." (More resolutely) "You shall not marry Al!"

(Meanwhile, Al. enters on a milk white steed, gathers Tunney into his arms, and dashes off. With a backward glance, taunts.)—"Oh, won't she?"

Hugh—"Good heavens! She is gone!" (Rushes madly to secluded spot in lilac bushes where flivver is parked, jumps in, and starts in wild pursuance.)

Curtain.

ACT III

(At brink of chasm, with a firm grasp of Tunney's crowning glory of chestnut brown locks, Al. is holding her over the yawning depths below.)

Al.—"Your life is at stake! Marry me, or I will drop you!"

Tunney (dramatically)—"Drop me. I'd rather die this ugly death than link my life with yours!"

Al.—"If you don't marry me, not only will I let you die, but will I also disclose to the world that your father murdered Maurice Rabinowitz." (Shakes Tunney vigorously by hair.)

Tunney—"Ouch! You're pulling my hair! What? Father, a murderer? Impossible! Chilly Beahan is serving time in Sing Sing for that murder!"

(At this point there is a roaring noise heard from above, and an aeroplane lands, whose pilot is George Lenaghan.)

George (taking in the situation at a glance)—"I'll thave you, Tunney! I'll thave you!"

Al. (drags Tunney back upon bank, and faces George, with his eyes aflame and frothing at the mouth)—"I'll teach you to tend to your own affairs!" (Gnashes his teeth. With one sweep of his arm, he knocks George into the foaming waters below.)

Tunney (shuddering)—"Brute."

The Cardinal 1923

Al.—“Well, to get back to what we were talking about—yes, it’s true Your stepfather murdered him. A year after your mother died he fell madly in love with Maurice’s fiancée, Lois DeLano. One evening when Maurice went to see his girl, he found Ryan making love to Dilly. At sight of each other, both men drew guns, and Rabinowitz was killed. After committing this terrible crime, Ryan left the house. It happens at this time that Chilly Beahan was courting Irene Bierne, the hired girl at Dilly’s home. That evening when Chilly heard the shot, he immediately rushed to the room in which the murder took place and found Maurice dead! He picked up the gun to examine it, and just at this time officers entered, finding Chilly with the revolver in his hand, and the result was that he was convicted of murder. Three months later Dilly died of a broken heart, but before passing away, she put me in possession of the details of the murder, as I am her only living relative.” (Sneeringly)—“Will you believe me now?”

Tunney—“Horrible! Terrible!”

(Enter Hugh in flivver, which is hitting on two cylinders. Hugh covers Al. with gun, binds his arms and feet, and throws him in back of seat of flivver.)

Tunney (with a happy sob)—“My darling Hugh!”

Hugh—“Sweetheart! At last I’ve got you!”

(The two get in front seat of flivver, and drive off—chug! chug!)

Curtain.

ACT IV

Tunney (with a sight of relief)—“Home again!”

Hugh (hugging her)—“Yes, loved one.” (Enter stepfather.)

Stepfather (turning to Hugh)—“You here? After my warning!”

Tunney—“Father, cease! Hugh saved me from dying at the hands of your friend (meaningly), Albert Herzog. We just took him to jail and he will doubtless face the gallows in a few weeks, as he pushed George Lenaghen into the chasm; and I have also heard how you brutally killed poor Maurice!” (Stepfather groans. Exit Hugh and Tunney.)

Stepfather—“This is the end!” (Tragically uncorks a bottle of carbohic acid and with one gulp swallows contents.)

Curtain.

ACT V

(Enter Hugh and Tunney. They hear the benevolent voice of Father Quenan.)

Father Quenan—“God bless you, my children!”

(Irene and Chilly leave the church arm in arm.)

Hugh—“Poor Chilly! He exchanged a twenty year sentence for a life sentence.”

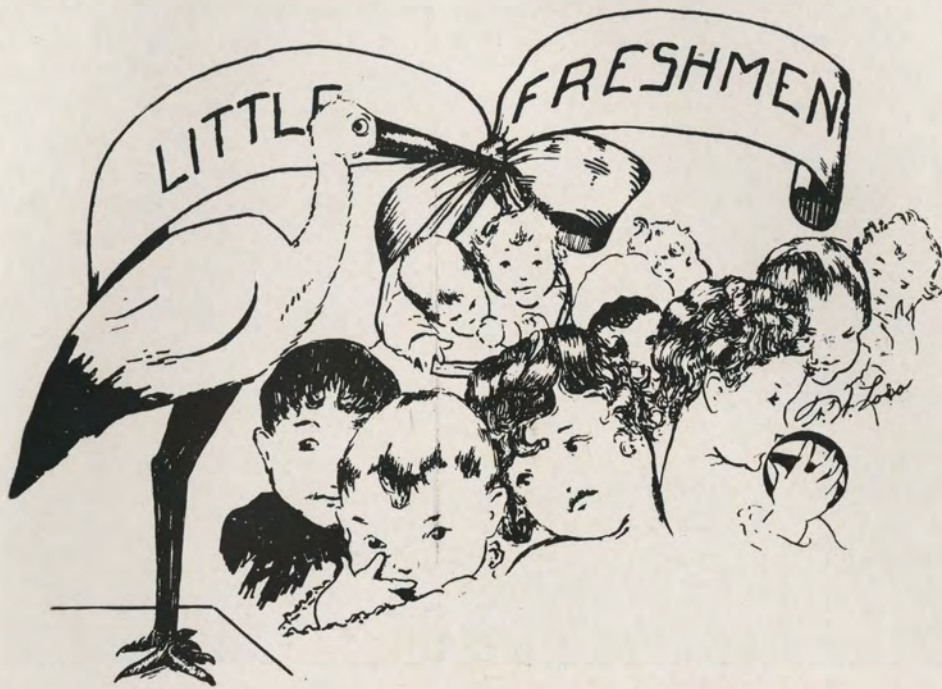
Tunney (rebukingly)—“Why, Hugh, don’t you want to marry me?”

Hugh—“Of course, darling, I’d go through eternity with you!”

Father Quenan—“Do you also wish to be married?”

Tunney and Hugh (smilingly, and in unison)—“Yes, Father Quenan.”

Curtain.



This picture not unfittingly portrays
The way our Frosh by right should spend their days.
See that one on the left, sucking his finger;
He's cut two tiny teeth, but the rest linger.
They're cunning little tots; but as a rule
We think such infants far too young for school.



CLASS OFFICERS

President

ANDREW BROADWELL Morrisonville, N. Y.

Vice-President

MARIE F. CRONIN Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Secretary

GERTRUDE M. FREE Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Treasurer

KERMIT WILLIAMS Cadyville, N. Y.

Sergeant

SPENCER B. AMES Plattsburgh, N. Y.

CLASS COLORS

BLUE AND WHITE

CLASS FLOWER

WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM

CLASS MOTTO

"By courage and wisdom we will succeed"



CLASS HISTORY

You probably turn to this page with the intention of seeing just what the Freshman Class has been doing all through the year 1924-25. It seems to be the custom for all the upperclassmen to write a history of their good or evil (of course not the latter) doings for the year just passed in Normal.

Wednesday, September 10, was the day that the first real Freshman Class (140 strong) entered the Normal. Theretofore there were only two classes and now we make the third. We must admit that the Juniors and Seniors were very nice to us, thus making it much easier for us to become acquainted with our new surroundings.

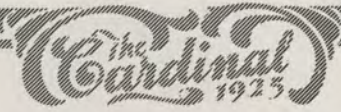
Unlike any other class that has entered Normal School the Freshmen began the new idea of having a constitution by which the affairs of the class were to be handled.

Somehow or other we heard a rumor about a day when the Juniors and Seniors would be springing special songs on us, so some of our members decided to write some clever verses. Secrets have a knack of getting out. Well, we were to meet in Normal Hall one evening in order to practice. Sh! Sh! The Freshies weren't the only ones who assembled around school that night. The Juniors and Seniors were well represented, especially the Juniors. Some one heard about our private meeting and the chief called his tribe together. For example: It is about seven o'clock, the telephone rings, the girl answers then comes dashing upstairs exclaiming, "Mary is very ill and I have to go over to her house at once!" She grabs up her coat and dashes out. She might have been at that girl's home, but part of the evening was spent in trying to find out what we were doing. This is the way news travels. Just as we had expected, the Juniors, like a group of children, trotted home and wrote a parody to the tune of "It Ain't Goin' to Rain No More," the tune to which one of our songs was written. The next morning while we were in the assembly room they had to sing their cute little song, but we were prepared to answer them weeks ahead of time, so all their efforts were wasted.

The next day in assembly the singing and cheering was continued. The Freshmen had a song written to the tune of "Why Did I Kiss That Girl?" and then the class that is just one year ahead of us received all that was coming to them. Very strange to say, they didn't have any song with which to reply, so we started the year by getting the better of them.

Then came the party which we gave the upperclassmen in return for the good times they had given us. This event will always remain in our minds as the first social undertaking and, according to all reports it was a great success. This is the first time we used our class colors.

Then, alas, we had been hearing about a fine dance which we were to give the upperclassmen. Naturally the atmosphere became full of plans for this much talked of Mid-year Dance, and we enjoyed ourselves immensely until it was announced that the mid-year exams would take place on such and such a date. Then the dance became a thing of secondary importance and it was a very common sight for us to see our friends going around with their arms full of books. However,



the dreaded exams didn't cause many of us to fall by the wayside and we soon had our plans in full swing for the dance. Needless to say, the evening came and went and now we have the very pleasant memories of our first real Normal School dance.

GERTRUDE FREE,

FRANCIS E. RYAN.



THE SENIOR CLASS

From A Neighbor's Viewpoint

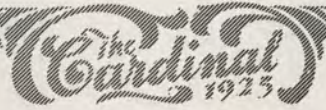
You sedate Seniors are at last about to depart from our midst, for you have plodded along for three years and have now reached the goal for which you have been seeking.

Listen! Here is the tone of their speech at this period. "We, the Seniors, realizing that we have at last reached the goal of our undertaking, and completed our Normal Training announce this day as the greatest of our lives. We are now about to make our departure from the Normal School. In the future we shall look back with a feeling of pride upon this period in our young lives. We shall look backward over the past with its achievements, great and small, and often wonder if there are any more model classes at the Plattsburgh Normal. We have set marks with which we challenge any class to compete. Our records are the best attainable. It will be a strenuous task for any class to measure up to the standards that we have set. Our class has been a phenomenon. It is not probable that it will be equalled for many years to come. Consider the fact that for three years we have endeavored to turn the steps of other fellow students in the right direction, to supervise their thoughts, correct their habits, and enable them to enjoy our happiness."

Now that is the Senior Class in their own estimation. And it is all perfectly true. But from a neighbor's viewpoint their own words would have an entirely different meaning.

Take, for instance, their one main thought throughout their speech. It is this: "We announce this time as the greatest of our lives." Surely we all believe this statement. Truly it is the greatest time of your lives. It is a miracle how your class ever kept together to reach this time in your lives, but that was done by hook or crook, mostly hook, so that now you are really Seniors. At least, that is the name given to the third and last year pupils of the Normal School.

Your neighbors certainly can appreciate your feelings when you state that this is the greatest time of your lives, for we realize that when you have to get out in the world to shift for yourselves without any faculty to keep pushing and kicking you along, you will never reach another such goal as you have reached here in the Normal School.



Speaking of departure. "We are now about to make our departure." Well, that word departure is just about whispered. No emphasis on that word. On the contrary, you are really a little shaky about mentioning that word at all. What is the cause of it all? Surely we neighbors, who have been watching this Senior Class realize the cause of this and sympathize with our friends. We know that that word, departure, has been ringing in your ears ever since you entered the Normal. Even at the first mid-year exams you nearly made your departure. Most unexpectedly to be sure, that you didn't when Mr. Thompson issued the proclamation that all failures would make their departure.

You tell the remaining classes in the school that you have endeavored to turn their footsteps in the right direction, thereby enabling them to enjoy your happiness. Well, we have tried to follow the footsteps of many of your class, but we find that most of them are misleading. Your class president's footsteps were followed every evening for one month and inevitably they turned toward Brinkerhoff Street. Hal Stratton's footsteps were also followed every Tuesday and Saturday night during the past year and they would inevitably lead to Leonard's Dancing Academy. Now that is the standard which the Seniors set for their neighbors. We are supposed to follow out their ideals, and this is what they call the happiness which we are to obtain. Oh! Seniors, the more you say the deeper into trouble you get. Try to be more careful in your advice. But alas, you are leaving the Normal. It is too late to change your ideals and standards now. But, now that you see yourselves as others see you, for your own good take some real advice before it is too late.

We, as neighbors, wish you to become as great as can be under the circumstances and have arranged the following advice accordingly.

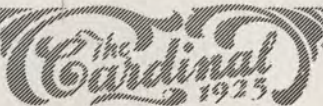
First—Forget not the Faculty. Were it not for their many long hours of unselfish work you would not have arrived at the end of your third year, cured at least of some of your rough and easy going ways. Do not pass lightly over Dr. Hawkins and the other members of the faculty who have guided you through three long tiresome and trying years.

Second—This pertains to entertainment. The least said about this matter the better. Now, when you give an entertainment and think it is a success, just pride yourself over it a little bit and then forget it. Don't try to repeat it too often. If you do get a great loud applause at the end it is only because every one is glad and cheering because it is over. After an act has been repeated three or four times in the same hall it is generally called "Ancient History."

Third—We would advise you as to promptness. In the future try to get in a little earlier nights to get some sleep. Then maybe you will get up early enough so that you will not have to run to breakfast and then to school. Our physical training does not demand running exercises immediately after breakfast.

Taken as a whole, we neighbors do consider you Seniors as a fairly good class. But now your future is your own. You will not have other classes to pattern after or a faculty to push you. Try to do a little better so that the Plattsburgh State Normal School can keep up the reputation that other graduates have established for it.

NORMAN DAVIS.



FRESHMEN'S VISION of the JUNIOR CLASS

Normal's Pride

Poor Juniors! They are having a hard time of it. The Seniors are climbing every day to higher levels and standards. The Freshmen are pushing their forces with great united effort onward up the ladder to success. But the Juniors seem to be standing still, dazed by the effect that their opposing forces are making in the Normal School. They seem to be hanging on the outside, while the other two classes go forward up the center of the ladder of success. Evidently they are going to give one grand spring or leap into success. If this is so, Juniors, why not come to life? No time like the present. Or are you afraid that if you come out and try to make a showing that you will be swamped by your opponents? You should adopt the motto, "Try anything once." We are sure you would succeed now that you have watched the movements of the other two classes.

Juniors! Here is a meeting of the Junior Class as others see it:

The Honored President, "Rabbits," is the only one present at the time appointed for the meeting. The other half of the class will rush in a little later as if it were a case of life or death. Rabbit then tries to put on the cloak of dignity in order to be as much like a sedate Senior as possible. He inevitably tries to impress the importance of the occasion upon the other half of the class with but little result. The course of one meeting was as follows:

Chairman—"We will now have the report of the Lookout Committee in reference to the Senior and Freshman Class Songs."

Lookout Committee, Rep. Quinan speaking—"I was advised by both Seniors and Freshmen that I had better Lookout for my own life and safety so I have not as yet had the desirable opportunity to get the desired information from the desired sources."

Chairman—"The meeting is now open for discussion of the report."

Lavison—"You don't mean it."

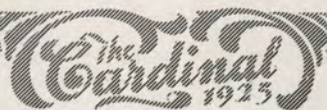
Beahan—"Horse it up."

Conway—"Quit your kiddin'."

Chairman—"Time to pipe down. The meeting is now adjourned indefinitely. If any one wishes to dispose of his hard-earned money he may have the opportunity of doing so by handing it over to our honored treasurer."

Then the Juniors file out of the hall with much pride over the report of the Committee. They believe they are the only ones with a class song. The next day in Assembly they are awakened by the fact that the Seniors and Freshmen are not only singing their songs, but also have copies of the Junior song. This is only one instance where the Juniors sat amazed.

The Juniors hold another class meeting and decide to give an entertainment. The committee is appointed and the entertainment is given. At least they told us it was an entertainment. But it afterwards leaked out what the *real cause* of the play was. The great college play "Oroetus" was enacted by the Junior Class.



The part of the Great Sad King Orostus was portrayed by the Hon. P. Francis Ryan. When they picked Ryan as Orostus was the only instance where good sound foresight was used by the Juniors. They realized the fact that he wanted to practice his actions that he would go through when the Seniors depart in June. I am sure that the audience showed their heartfelt sympathy for the talented actor as there was very little mirth and clapping after the act.

Well, these are your greatest achievements as yet Juniors! But listen! You have a whole year to redeem yourselves. Why not swing onto the ladder of success now and keep climbing. Why not stop a little cramming around exam periods and try to do something for yourselves during the term and then when you go out into the world you might possibly keep up the good reputation that the other classes have set for you.

NORMAN DAVIS.



FACULTY ADVISORS

All progressive classes have someone above them to whom they may go to get any information or helpful advice. They serve as guides for the undertakings of the class. These are the class faculty advisors. Our class showed much wisdom and forethought in choosing its faculty advisors. Miss Barbara Lynch of the Commercial Department and Mr. F. Osgood Smith of the General Department of the Normal were the chosen ones. People outside of the class do not hear much about faculty advisors. They realize that we have them and that is all. But our class, itself, realizes the importance of these two teachers as helpers. We have received much helpful information from them, which has always proved very beneficial to us as a beginning class at Normal.

We, the Class of '27, wish to express our sincere thanks to these two helpers who have worked with us from the beginning to the end of this school year, and helped to make all of our undertakings successful.

NORMAN DAVIS.



Gertrude Coulton	Agnes Lupton	Agnes Coffey
Albert G Brault	Mary D Hughes	Ernest D Lemieux
Betty Larless	Katherine McCaffrey	Lawrence Lefevre
Mildred Baker	Estelle J Magnet	Betty Singleton
Iva Ryan	Helen A Cartmell	Agatha Rooney
Mildred Mack	Elizabeth M Schweighardt	Margaret Daniels
Lillian Randall	Mandana E. Disotell	Marie Cronin

Emily Kupisewski
 James Collins
 Augustus Casgrove
 Edna Davis
 Olive Butcher
 Dora Anthony
 Dora Smith
 Ruth LaBare

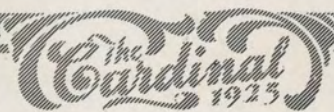
Elizabeth Reeve	Dorothy O Trombly
Winifred L Hanna	Francis S. Varon
Frances L. Ryan	Chely Sullivan
Mildred Berkowsky	Andrew Broadwell
Hazel S Homminger	Selma Freshbont
Alice J Connors	Ether Signor
Dot Singleton	Violet Trombly

Alice Bellings
 Arthur Hough
 Marielle S. Woodward
 Doris C. Knight
 Margaret Van Buren
 Ruth Eaton Longford
 Angela G. Kierup
 Kathleen M. Fortune
 Lillian A Boyle
 Elizabeth Darrach
 Lenore E. Noyes
 A Norman Davis

Evelyn Herling	Mason E. Turk	Eleanor Hauwel
Rosemary Talbot	Gladys V. Carlson	Ana Noon
Dorcas Jency	Ethel M. Carlson	Doris Johnson
Martha Hewitt	Dorothy H. Dodge	Lillian Langey
Helen Gerba	Blanche Lefae	Mason V. M. Lathrop
Blandina H. Lifford	Marian F. Tubb	Helen Buskley
Hallie Davison	Vera Schoenweiss	Rita M. Harney
Madge M. Cussey		Ruth Wilson
Helia C. Jenkins		Gertrude Free
Alice E. Smart		Grace Galvin
Lorena C. Collins		
Spencer B. Ames		
Mae E. Shroeder		
Alfred Davis		
Elbert Burington		
Francis E. Ryan		
Emily Alden		
Blanche Putney		
Mary S. Gaze		
Freda Rice		
Anna Woodward		
Eliza Walker		
Belva Thrall		
Mollie Stanton		
Max Irene Chellis		
Katharine Murray		
Fannie Collins		
J. Beth Austin		
Mary C. Skales	Inez Siddons	Ruth Allen
Anna J. Staves	Marian B. Perrin	M. Bowen
Helen Marie Jacy	Adelle H. Kaempf	J. Ryan
Wm. J. Bellegarde	Lulu Devins	Katherine Mason
Marie A. McDougall	Celia Trudeau	B. Mc Gally
Eustace J. Metelky	Mary Brennan	M. Lamay
Helen M. Clark	C. Cronkrite	Idris Wheeler
Mae Fayette		



The Cardinal
1923



CLASS SONG OF '27

Tune: "BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING CHARMS"

P. S. N. S., the home of our joys and our fears,
We hail thee again as of yore;
When we entered thy portals and banished our cares
To gain knowledge from thy golden store.
Thou hast taught us the lesson of service to give
And the burdens of others partake;
For the welfare of mankind our lives we will live
And our standards we'll never forsake.

Thou hast taught us the value of sportmanship true,
How to win and to lose with a song;
As under our banner of white and blue,
Thy campus so often we thronged.
When with rivals in sports we contested our skill,
Our gymnasium echoed our mirth;
We were joined in true friendship and hearty good-will
And displayed to advantage our worth.

Twenty-seven the year when we leave these thy halls,
Holds a feeling of joy and of pain;
We'll resist life's temptations as each one befalls,
For thus will salvation be gained.
Of thy teachings in later life we shall have need
Recollecting thy glory and fame;
By courage and wisdom we hope to succeed
And bring honor to thy fair name.

M. CRONIN.



THE MID-YEAR DANCE

This year the mid-year dance was given by the Freshman Class. It was a thrilling success. Following the usual custom, the dance was held in the Gymnasium of the Normal School. As one entered the building, blue and white decorations met his eye all along the corridors. Upon entering the gymnasium everyone was greatly surprised at the beauty of the place. Blue and white streamers were hanging from the ceiling and down the sides of the walls, which gave the appearance of an arched ceiling. The new Freshman Banner was hung directly over the center of the room. It attracted much attention and added much to the appearance of the room. The lighting effects were beautiful. Besides the usual gay lights with which the gymnasium is always lighted, wall lamps were placed in various positions about the rooms.

One corner of the room was set apart for the orchestra. This was one of the prettiest sections of the hall. It was really a little room fitted out for the players, the building of which showed much skill on the part of the students. Everyone marvelled at the beauty of it. It seemed as though a section of one of the playhouses in New York was suddenly picked up and landed here in the Normal School. We thought that everyone would like to remember this, so we had a picture taken, which you see above.

Opposite this corner of the hall was another cozy, home-like apartment. This

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was arranged for the use of the faculty. Much attention was given to this section as we wanted the faculty to have, by far, the coziest section of the room. Rugs were laid, the furniture was arranged very skilfully, and the lighting effect was something which brought a favorable comment from all those who attended. The faculty seemed to be very much satisfied and well contented with this work, and this in turn pleased everyone that had anything to do with designing and arrangement of the room as the one prime factor was to have the visiting members of the faculty as comfortable as possible.

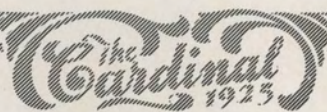
As this was a program dance, the orchestra started at the appointed time, which was half after eight. At this time there were about fifty couples present. But within half an hour the hall was crowded to its capacity. There were about one hundred and sixty couples present to enjoy themselves. Everything on the program went off smoothly. The best of refreshments were served continually during the evening in another gaily decorated apartment, just at the entrance of the hall. The balloon dance was probably the greatest feature of the night. This was a surprise to all present. During the course of one of the dances a string was pulled somewhere about the room and balloons began to fall from the ceiling of the room, only to be sought by the hands of the dancers.

The committees worked very hard to make this affair the best of the season and they had their reward. The following were at the heads of the committees who worked very faithfully to make this dance a success: Decoration, Marie A. McDonough; Reception, Katherine Murray; Dance Order and Music, Lawrence Lefevre; Refreshment, Ruth Allen. The Patronesses for the evening were: Mrs. G. H. Hawkins, Mrs. G. W. Shallies, and Mrs. F. O. Smith.

Much credit is due to these people. They worked very hard for a long time previous to the date of the dance to make this an affair that would be long remembered. Everyone present expressed their appreciation for what these people had done to make the evening pleasant for all and declared that without a doubt this mid-year ball of the year 1925, given by the Class of '27, was the best ever held at Normal.

NORMAN DAVIS.





FRESHMAN POEM

"Freshmen, Freshmen, cease your chattering,
Don't fool all your time away!
Try to get at least a smattering
Of your lessons for the day!"

These kind words of admonition,
Uttered in the study-hall,
Fired our class with keen ambition
To surpass the Juniors all.

And the Seniors also; so we
Buckled down to earnest work,
Bound to let those loafers know we
Lack their tendency to shirk.

View us in anticipation,
Seniors, learned and sedate,
Patterns all for emulation,
Competent to cope with Fate.

Courage surely is not wanting
Wisdom comes with time we trust;
No words these of empty vaunting:
We shall win, for win we must.

MILDRED BECKOWSKY.

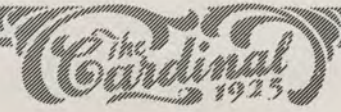
MARGARET DANIELS.

SORORITIES









DELTA CLIO

"When the moon plays peek-a-boo,
And the stars shine down on you,
Delta Clio's here from far and near,
To sing this song to you."

The echoes of our song die away. But how often in the years to come shall they re-echo in our hearts? Even though the end of our school days is here and we stand on the threshold of life, eager to go forth and test our newly-acquired knowledge, still we hesitate because we know that our going means the severing of bonds that have become strong in the past three years. The bonds of friendship hold us firmly and the pain of breaking away is great.

Two years have passed since we have set down on paper the happenings of our Society—two years filled with joy and sorrow, good time and hard work, success and failure; filled, in fact, so full with all manner of things, that as Stevenson said, we have all been as happy as kings.

The fall of 1923 consisted, as it seems to us now, of a succession of picnics, parties, and dances, interrupted rudely now and then with a bit of forced studiousness. These strenuous six weeks culminated in the most honored and best loved of all functions—Pledge Night.

Following Pledge, came a surprise party at the Red Brick Inn, at which the new Freshman Clios entertained the rest of us. "It certainly was the best party yet," as we say after every party we have.

"I ain't got no money—m-o-n-e-y!" seemed to be the predominating refrain which drifted forth from Clio Room during the weeks that followed. We settled down a bit and produced a play—"Up to Freddie." After that came our bazaar and a Christmas party (with appropriate gifts for us all) and then with the usual rush and scramble we left for home and two weeks' vacation.

Between Christmas and Easter we managed, with some difficulty, to be sure, to initiate our unruly Freshmen. That they should object to raw oysters and cod liver oil is something that even now we fail to understand. But like good sports, they did as they were told, in most things, and when the smoke and dust had cleared away, we all rejoiced at a banquet at the Witherill Hotel.

It was the good luck of our Chapter that year to select the Grand President, and we chose one whom we know to be the most capable and most beloved, Miss Elizabeth Hawkins. Early in May our delegates, the Misses Hawkins, Racicot, Huber, Hunter, and Fifield, left for Convocation, which was held at Cortland. They returned with stories of many happy times, and with many ideas for the next Convocation which is to be held here this year.

The month of June brought examinations and then vacation. We left for our homes, some of us to do "One Summer's Work in an Office," as a result of the many essays we had heard of that nature, and others to enjoy the very fact that we didn't have to do anything.

The Cardinal 1923

With September came the return to school. With one or two exceptions everything seemed very much as it had on the previous September. Of course, we had a brand-new Freshman Class to welcome, and incidentally we had an opportunity for six weeks' of uninterrupted study before "rush" began. There followed three weeks' of parties, ending in Pledge again. This year we took in sixteen girls.

Almost before we could realize it, it was Christmas and our Christmas party was in full swing. Besides making Christmas enjoyable for ourselves, we tried to think of others a bit. We provided a Christmas dinner and gifts for a needy family of whom we had heard.

Soon after vacation our Freshmen gave us a party in Clio Room. It was a huge success all the way through—a howling success, we might say, as the audience seemed to enjoy itself immensely. But the grand climax was the presentation of three beautiful pieces of furniture to the room—two chairs and a davenport table.

After the Freshman had been so kind to us, we rewarded them with initiation. Some of them would gladly have dispensed with the reward, but we showed no partiality, and each and every girl had her full share.

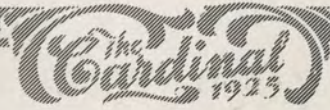
To do nothing is not possible for good, healthy Clios, so no sooner is one thing out of the way than we turn our attention to something else. This time we turned our said attention to a Minstrel Show, which we presented the general public on March 6 and again on March 12.

With the coming of Convocation, there comes also the end of our last year, and as we leave our school behind, we silently thank our Sorority for having helped to make us "ready for service, and worthy of trust."

J. SHUFELT.







ALPHA PHI THETA

The members of Alpha Phi Theta Sorority wish to take this opportunity to thank the faculty and students of the Normal School for their hearty cooperation and support in everything we have tried to do. During the four years of our life we have gained unlooked-for success and we have every reason to believe that our Sorority has the brightest of bright futures before it.

Alpha Phi Theta has given us a busy, but happy life, and we will leave our happy days behind to become but pleasant memories.

Our first lonesome days as Freshmen were brightened by the many good times which the Alpha's gave us, and we were proud indeed to become one of them. During the year we had entertainments, dances, and teas, at our rooms in the Y. W. L. and it was at these that real and true friendships were formed.

As the days flew by, we soon found ourselves saying good-bye to the Seniors, and looking forward to the following fall when we should be the ones to welcome the new Freshmen. They all looked alike to us, but in different ways, we soon grew to know them better; perhaps it was in "kid's clothes," at the Y. W. L., eating hot dogs "up the river," or watching an exciting movie. Then, after the six weeks of rush several more girls began their happy days in Alpha Phi Theta.

Winter brought its round of sports, sleigh-rides, formal dinners, and our Christmas party, at which we enjoyed our tree and gifts. Shortly after mid-years we pledged another group of girls into our Sorority and we started the new term with a happy, snappy "bunch."

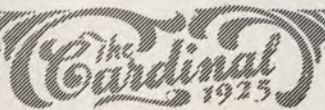
With the coming of spring came Initiation. Girls wearing purple and white sunbonnets and carrying rag dolls were seen everywhere, and one seeing them would remark, "Alpha Phi Initiation."

And so another happy, eventful year has passed and it is now our turn to say good-bye to our happy Normal School days.

"As fall the leaves, so drop the days,
In silence from the tree of life;
Born for a little while to blaze
In action in the heat of strife,
And then to shrivel with time's blast
And fade forever in the past."

B. M. Fox.





AGONIAN HISTORY, 1923-1925

We read the pages of history that we may know how our forefathers lived, fought, and died, wherein they succeeded and why they failed. And so, that our successors in Ago may find help through our poor endeavors, and a lesson in our mistakes, we leave with them a brief history of how we "carried on":

Surely there were no finer or sweeter girls in the Junior Class than those who "went Ago" in the fall of 1923. After the better-than-ever-before rush parties, Pledge and Formal Initiation made twenty-three splendid girls our sister Agonians, and we all rejoiced with them over their own good fortune, and ours. They showed their appreciation of the honor that had been conferred upon them by conducting themselves one and all, in a way that made us proud and happy. And they proved themselves royal entertainers when, one memorable evening, they took us to dinner and to the theater—it was a wonderful party.

After our Christmas sale and party the Agonian record resolved itself into three big chapters—Mid-year Rush, Initiation, and "Springtime Follies." Mid-year rush added to our Chapter four more girls who have all done their share toward the realization of our aims and ideals. Initiation last year saw the introduction of the Ago caps, attractive miniature chapeaux in blue, gold, and white, worn throughout initiation days and coming to be known as the distinguishing feature of the Agonian initiation.

We of Agonia stepped aside from the well-trodden path of play-giving last year, and dared to offer a new feature in the way of entertainment when, in the latter part of April, after weeks of tireless rehearsing, the old green burlap curtains in Normal Hall parted to disclose to an appreciative "packed house" the delightful opening number of "Springtime Follies." As act succeeded act that evening our audience waxed more and more enthusiastic and the closing number, featuring the dances of the nations, and ending in one of our own Agonian songs, sent our patrons home feeling that once again the Agonians had given the public a wonderful treat. We owe much in the way of gratitude to the boys at school, for without their help the "Follies" would have been impossible.

Rush season and rush parties in 1924 were limited, but this history would surely be incomplete did it not include mention of our Formal Tea, when we entertained the faculty, our alumni and rushees. We feel a pardonable pride in that affair, and we do think one member of the faculty stated it beautifully when she said, "It was a perfect tea."

Pledge and Formal Initiation ceremonies were never more solemn and beautiful than this year, when they seemed to take on a new significance for us all. Our lives would be so much brighter and happier could we always keep those promises!

Our annual fancywork sale was a huge success, both financially and socially, for it has become a looked-for event among the students and faculty, and gives a real service to Christmas shoppers. Mid-year Rush brought three more girls to us. In January the Agonians gave a play entitled, "Cupid and Calories," which

was successful in all respects. We joined with the other sororities at Normal in entertaining the Normal students and their friends at a St. Patrick's Dance held in the Gym on March 17th. As the papers said, "a good time was had by all."

Initiation came, as initiation always does, and in fear and trembling the Freshmen received their "Summons." We must admit (though we shouldn't) that the initiation uniforms this year were clever, and the jaunty little blue-gold-and-white caps of our initiates, to say nothing of the "sweat-shirts" with "Agonian" printed across the front, were at once the admiration and envy of all. Of course, being initiated wouldn't be one's choice indoor, or out-door sport, but, as we told them—it might have been worse.

On April 25th we had a Card Party at the Y. W. L., to raise money for our furnishing fund. We did it, too, to the entire satisfaction of everyone present—as far as we heard. In May we entertained the Clionians and their Convocation delegates at a tea, where the best of our practical and impractical talent combined to please the inner and outer (wo)man. There was every indication that we succeeded in both respects.

"History repeats itself"—what we have done you, our Sister Agonians, will do in all probability. But during the time when you will be the guardians of the trust we leave with you, remember the words of one who helped in making the history of our country, "United we stand, divided we fall." Work together, for only in this way can you achieve great things. You will be a power for good or for evil, in school life—look to it that it is good. Choose your leaders wisely, then follow them faithfully. Let Faith, Hope, and Charity be your watchwords—Faith in your leaders and in each other, Hope for bigger and better things in Ago, and Charity toward all. In the immortal words of the great leader, Abraham Lincoln:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right,
as God gives us to see the right."

KATHERINE A. O'CONNELL.



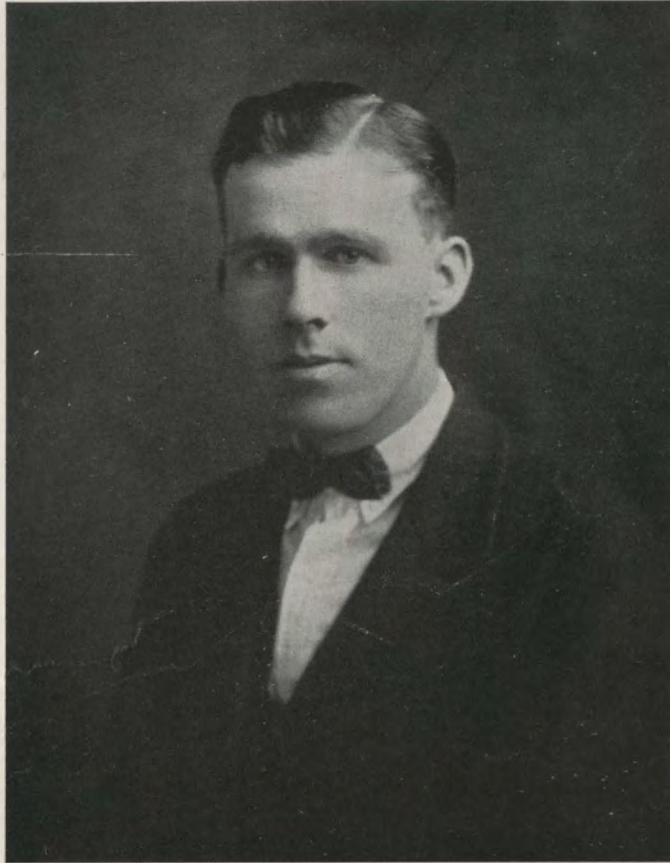


ATHLETICS



PROF. ALFRED L. DIEBOLT

Coach for Boys' and Girls' Teams '23, '24; Coach for Girls' Team '24, '25. Former Athletic Instructor Army and Navy Prep School, Washington, D. C. Colgate University; University of Virginia; University of Wisconsin; Columbia University, B. S., A. M. Plattsburg Normal School 1921-25.

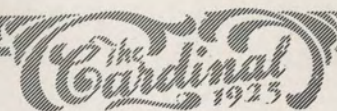


EDWARD BURNS

St. Lawrence University; Coach, St. Mary's Academy, Ogdensburg; Coach, Massena High School '22, '23. Professional basketball: Company I, Ogdensburg; Clios, Massena; Elks, Plattsburgh. Coach, Plattsburgh State Normal '24, '25.



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ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

OFFICERS

G. HAYWARD WEBSTER, *President*

LOIS DELANO, *Vice-President*

ERNEST LEMIEUX, *Treasurer*

RUTH LARSON, *Secretary*

MR. GUY W. SHALLIES, *Faculty Advisor and Treasurer*

COUNCIL

SENIORS

Anne G. Duquette

Mary Grimes

Harold H. Stratton

JUNIORS

Florence Biser

Albert T. Herzog

Francis P. Ryan

FRESHMEN

Marie Shroeder

Elizabeth Lawless

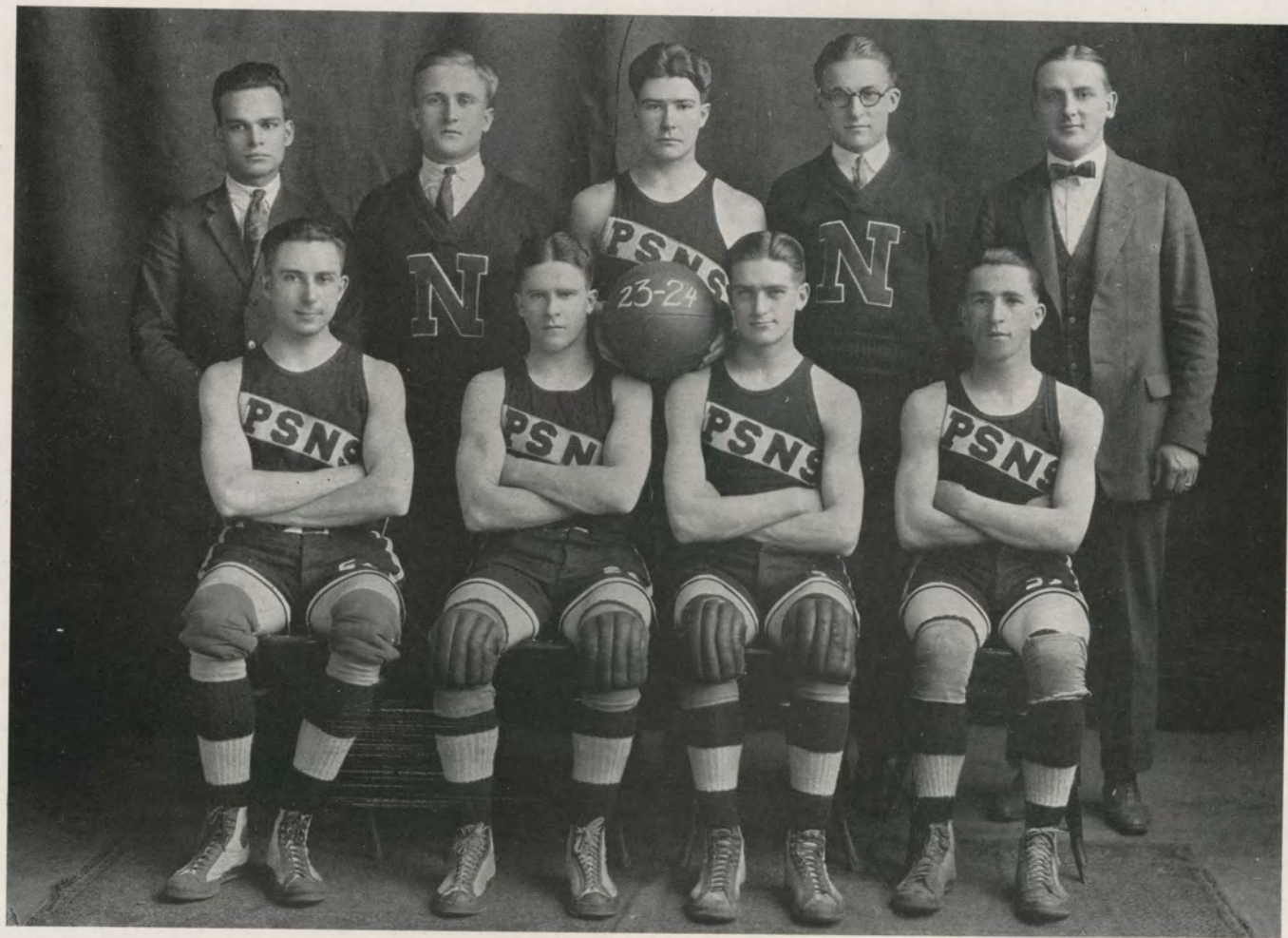
Philip Sullivan

The purpose of the Athletic Association is to govern and finance the athletic activities of the school.

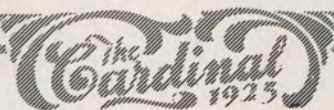
The entire body, officers and council levy and collect dues and decide matters of raising funds and of disbursements.

The records of financial operations are kept by the student treasurer, while the funds are disbursed through the faculty treasurer upon order of the president.

Every member of the student body automatically becomes a member of the association upon payment of the dues.



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BASKETBALL—BOYS

'23-'24

This season marked the first result of the new three-year course, which gave a larger attendance of male students than were usually enrolled. Basketball material, however, was none too plentiful, but an early start together with the unselfish devotion of time and hard work on the part of the players and the cooperation and support of the student body, a fast and consistent team was turned out and a successful season terminated.

Early in the fall Foster Loso was elected manager and he succeeded in arranging a good schedule for the season. Webster was elected captain of the team. Mr. Alfred L. Diebolt coached the team.

The games played, won and lost, speak for themselves. It might be pointed out that the worst defeat was by eight points and that the team scored 190 points against 156 for its opponents.

The three most interesting, exciting, and by far the best games of the season were:

Glens Falls Academy (Here), won by Normal	22-19
Ausable Forks (Here), lost by Normal	29-30
Plattsburgh High School, lost by Normal	25-27

PERSONNEL OF TEAM

FOSTER W. LOSO, *Manager*

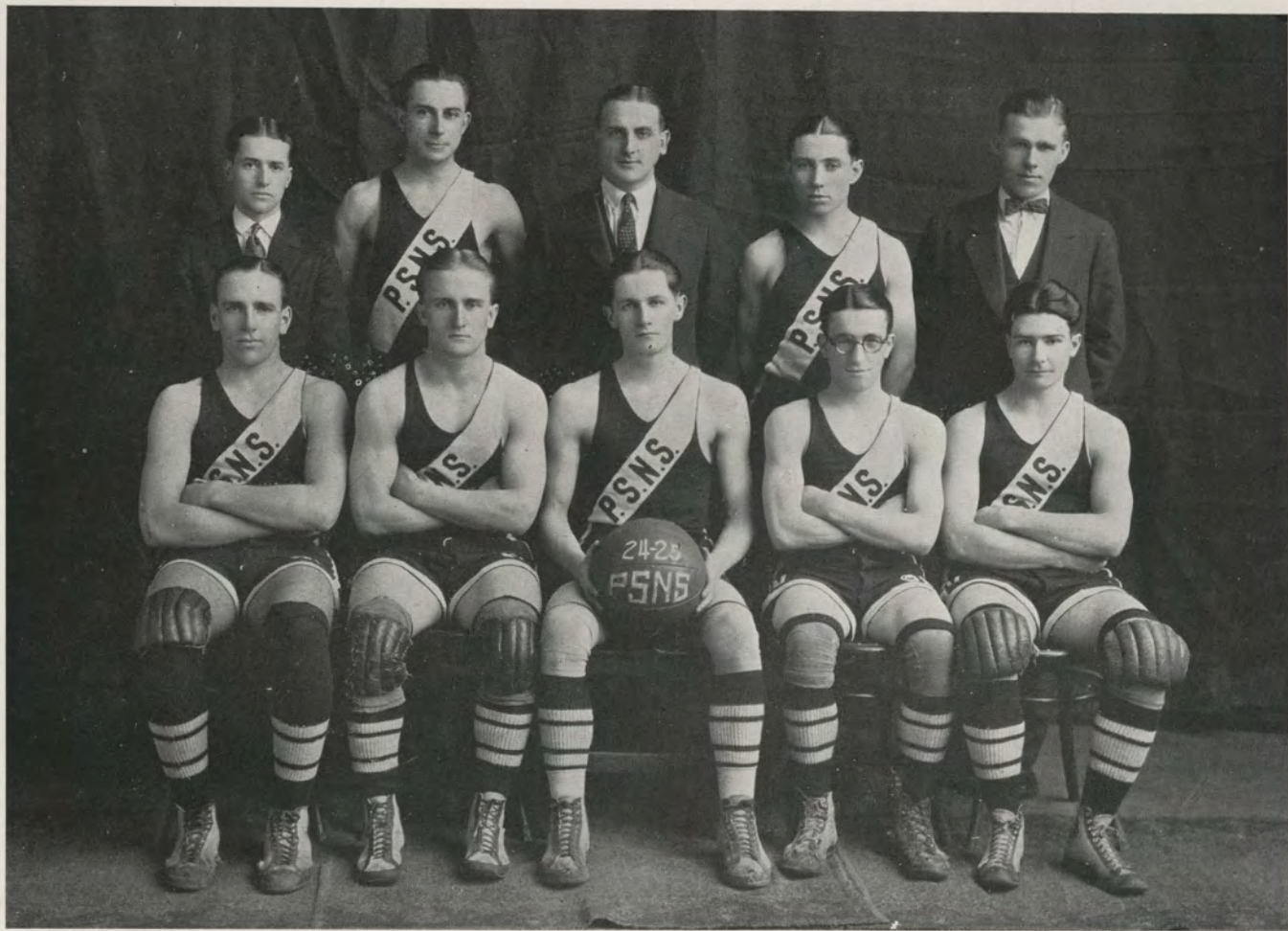
PROF. ALFRED L. DIEBOLT, *Coach*

Maurice Rabinowitz, l. f.
G. Hayward Webster, r. f., *Capt.*
Roswell Clucky, c.
Francis Brennan, l. g.

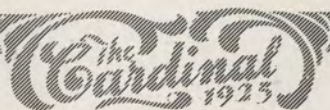
Herwood Prevost, r. g.
Harold H. Stratton, c.
Francis P. Ryan, g.
Adolf Pfisterer, f.

GAMES PLAYED

Dannemora	7	Normal	33	(Here)
Glens Falls Academy	19	Normal	22	(Here)
Ausable Forks H. S.	30	Normal	29	(Here)
Glens Falls Academy	21	Normal	13	(At Glens Falls)
Ausable Forks H. S.	23	Normal	19	(At Ausable Forks)
Dannemora H. S.	6	Normal	24	(Dannemora)
Mineville H. S.	24	Normal	25	(Here)
Plattsburgh H. S.	27	Normal	25	(Here)



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BASKETBALL—BOYS

'24-'25

With the return of three members of the last year team and a large number of Freshman boys enrolled, prospects looked bright for a successful basketball season.

The team was late in organizing. Louis Drinkwine was elected manager of the team and Francis (Pop) Ryan, assistant manager. "Midge" Haron was elected captain of the team. Mr. Edward Burns was secured to coach the team.

The team's record, while not one of games won, showed consistency and would have undoubtedly been better if conditions regarding a court for practice and for regular games could have been constant. As usual there were four and sometimes five teams using the really only available court.

The four best games of the season which were marked by fast, clean playing were:

Ausable Forks H. S. (Here), lost by Normal	27-28
St. Mary's, Ogdensburg (Here), won by Normal	20-14
Glens Falls Academy (There), lost by Normal	24-28
Mount Assumption (Here), lost by Normal	17-18

PERSONNEL OF TEAM

LOUIS DRINKWINE, *Manager*

FRANCIS RYAN, *Assistant Manager*

EDWARD BURNS, *Coach*

Francis Haron, r. f., *Capt.*

Maurice Rabinowitz, l. f.

Kermit Williams, c.

Herwood Prevost, r. g.

Hayward Webster, l. g.

Francis Ryan, g.

Harold Stratton, c.

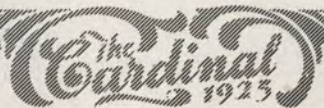
Alger Davis

GAMES PLAYED

Ausable Forks H. S.....	28	Normal.....	27	(Here)
St. Mary's, Ogdensburg.....	14	Normal.....	20	(Here)
Mineville H. S.....	21	Normal.....	19	(There)
Glens Falls Academy.....	28	Normal.....	24	(There)
Ausable Forks H. S.....	32	Normal.....	18	(There)
Mount Assumption	18	Normal.....	17	(Here)
Mount Assumption	20	Normal.....	12	(Here)
Y. M. C. A.....	28	Normal.....	15	(Here)
Glens Falls	26	Normal.....	14	(Here)



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BASKETBALL—GIRLS

'24-'25

Much enthusiasm was aroused among the girls over this season's basketball. The entering class added considerably to the number of participants. Edith Huber was elected manager, and Lillian Boyle, Captain. Prof. Alfred L. Diebolt again kindly consented to coach the team. Boys' rules were used for the greater part of the season, modified boys' rules being used only at the end of the season to enable us to play the Potsdam Normal team. The manager immediately got busy with her correspondence, but, due to so many teams changing in their use of boys' rules, to girls' rules, it was difficult to schedule as many games as were desired.

A game at Ellenburgh and a return game at Plattsburgh awaited the team at their return after the holiday vacation. The Ellenburgh High School team put up a rather strong offensive, but the Normal team succeeded in winning. The score was 10-8.

One week later, the Ellenburgh team came to Plattsburgh, where they were defeated again with the score of 19-12 in favor of the Normal.

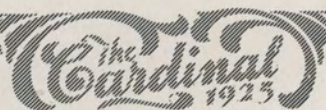
It had been the ambition of the team to play another Normal School team. The ambition was realized this year when Potsdam signed the contract for two games between Plattsburgh and Potsdam. Once started, the ambition given as a result, a game was scheduled with the varsity team of St. Lawrence University, the game to be played on their court.

On March 20th, the Normal team traveled to Potsdam. The long ride and use of modified boys' rules for half the game proved too great a handicap for the team, and consequently lost to Potsdam Normal, the score, 29-9 in their favor. Refreshing sportsmanship was demonstrated by the Potsdam team, and the Plattsburgh girls were glad to make acquaintances after the game at a light lunch prepared by the Potsdam team.

The next day found the Plattsburgh Normal team at Canton. A very good game was played there—that is, the Normal girls put up a stiff fight; their defensive was excellent. They lost by 1 point, the score being 8-9 in favor of St. Lawrence.

The return game of Potsdam Normal School was anticipated with interest. The team practiced hard and felt ready to meet the Potsdam team one week later. The girls played hard, the passwork was good, but the Potsdam girls proved the better players. The score at the end of the first half was tied, but the last half found Potsdam 5 points ahead of Plattsburgh. The score was 14-19.

The defeats have only spurred the team on, and next year it plans to begin to organize earlier, practice harder, and produce a first class team.



PERSONNEL OF TEAM

EDITH HUBER, *Manager*

PROF. ALFRED L. DIEBOLT, *Coach*

LILLIAN BOYLE, *Captain*

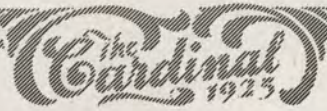
Lillian Boyle, c.
Helen Cartmell, f.
Lois DeLano, f.
Edith Huber, f.

Eileen LaHaise, g.
Helen McCaffrey, g.
Katherine O'Connell, g.
Ann Rovellet, g.



MISCELLANEOUS





SUPPLEMENTARY HISTORY

Through the efforts of Professor A. L. Diebolt, the people of Plattsburgh, as well as the students of P. S. N. S., were enabled to enjoy some very entertaining lectures.

The season last year started late and consequently was short, only two lecturers being secured. One of these was Hamlin Garland, the noted American author, and the other was Stephen Leacock, the lovable Canadian humorist.

This year the initial presentation was by Mrs. Edward Alexander MacDowell, who delivered a lecture and piano recital at Normal Hall on the evening of September 30th.

Mrs. MacDowell is the widow of the man whom Paderewski called the greatest of American composers and her selections were taken largely from the works of her husband.

The program was not only delightful, but also highly instructive and to those familiar with the beauty of MacDowell's works, it was a very great privilege to hear them interpreted by one so familiar with the spirit of them.

The second of the series of the Normal Lecture Course was given by the famous American author, Irving Bacheller, on "My Quest for Happiness."

In developing his thought, he spoke of many notable characters, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mark Twain, and Andrew Carnegie, among others who had not impressed him as happy men. In conclusion, he said: "One must have a home, children, love, faithfulness and, above all, work, else there can never be a feeling of contentment and happiness."

Normal Angell, the widely known author and economist of London, England, made his second appearance on the American continent at Normal Hall on October 28th.

Mr. Angell is one of the foremost British journalists and he spoke with authority on the subject, "What the New Experiment is Doing for England." He spoke of the changes which are going on in the development of governments, not only in Europe, but also in this country.

In introducing the speaker, Dr. Hawkins made mention of Mr. Angell's work, "The Great Delusion," which makes such an impression on all who read it.

No more interesting lecturer was secured for the course than Dr. Richard Burton, head of the Department of Literature of the University of Minnesota. His first lecture gave an intimate insight into the life of his friend, Mark Twain.

He was closely associated with Mr. Clemens for twelve years, and it could hardly be possible to have found an abler exponent of the personality of the premier American humorist.

In the second of his series of three lectures, he spoke on "Robert Louis Stevenson." Dr. Burton called him one of the greatest writers of his century and one who will go down as the ranking essayist of his time.

The last lecture by Dr. Burton proved to be one of the most interesting of

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the whole series. His subject, "The Movies and the Multitude," delighted his audience.

Besides telling something of the industry itself and its history, he told some of its effects if it were allowed to grow unchecked.

The Normal Course ended with two lectures by the Irish author, poet, and lecturer, Seumas MacManus.

According to Mr. MacManus, story-telling is one of the oldest of arts. He spoke of the years some men had expended in acquiring this art and the favor which was theirs when it was acquired to proficiency. He told of the story-teller's life in the old days in Ireland when each village had its story-teller.

Mr. Diebolt's selection of speakers brought to our midst some of the most distinguished lecturers, and the capacity audiences which greeted these speakers showed the appreciation which was felt by the students and townspeople.

MRS. O'DONNELL.





"SORRY"

BY

CECELIA REGAN

(*First Prize*)

The square, white envelope lay there on the table—smug, self-satisfied, complacent. The firm, neat handwriting tripping smoothly across it spelled Lola's own name. It was lying there when Lola came in from class, and she had stopped to stare stupidly at it before sitting down, rather abruptly and breathlessly, on the edge of the little white bed. Slowly Lola reached for it, and as slowly drew back her hand and let it drop listlessly into her lap where, almost without volition on her part the hand took from her pocket her report card. It was a good card—in fact, Lola knew there were few better. The coveted "E" appeared often on her card and she knew that when the honor roll was called her name would be near the top.

Suddenly she thought again of the square, white envelop that lay there on the table—and now it seemed to wear an injured air, as though it resented her neglect in opening it. Lola mentally pulled herself together, reached again for the envelope, and again dropped her hand. What was the use of opening it! She knew what it contained, she had dreamed it so many times, in fancy had hugged it to herself in an ecstasy of joy, so often had rehearsed, and even had written out her answer. She knew what it would say, for had she not read Nina's that first, never-to-be-forgotten year, when Nina—lucky, sweet, adorable, empty-headed Nina—had come to her naturally for congratulations? To her, to Lola, whose every nerve seemed ready to snap when she kissed Nina and told her she was glad. Glad? Glad! What hypocrisy! For she wasn't glad, she was sorry, sorry for herself, for her poor bruised heart, because she had failed where Nina, with her pretty face and careless, happy smile, had succeeded—Lola had failed to make a sorority.

The memory of it burned her now, the sting of it lashed her so that great tears rolled down her smooth, pale cheeks. Mechanically she wiped away the tears and went to her dressing-table where she leaned far over to scrutinize her own features. She wasn't ugly—no, it couldn't have been that—lots of homelier girls had made sororities. True, she was no beauty, but her tall, slender figure was not ungraceful, her rather serious brown eyes were well set in a rather slim, patrician-like face, and her crowning glory, her lovely black hair, had never been bobbed. Lola gazed for a few minutes at the reflection before her, then suddenly dropping her head on her arms she gave way to the flood of tears she had been trying so hard to keep back.

The door opened very softly and in came the tiniest slip of a girl! From the top of her curly bobbed head, to the tips of her patent leather shoes she was the exact opposite of the girl before the mirror. Dancing blue eyes helped the rosebud mouth to laugh away the cares of the "crazy old world," and round pink cheeks kept company with a tiny, upturned nose that continually sniffed fun and frolic. A quick glance at the table assured her that the "bid" was there, and she skipped

across the room and threw both arms around the sobbing figure at the dressing table.

"Lola Trent, I do believe you're crying, you silly old goose."

Sobs answered her.

"Lola dear, what is it? Tell Nina, please Lola."

Lola raised a tear-stained face to kiss the pretty one so near her own.

"It's nothing, Nina, really I've nothing to cry about."

"Oh, Lola, I'm so happy that you're going to join my sorority."

Lola looked away from the eager face, out through the window where she could see the solid old red Normal standing outlined against the bleak February sky. Her face worked strangely, while memories "that bless and burn" passed through her mind, and Nina sat wondering why Lola looked so unhappy when the big event, the "bid," which they had both wanted so much, had come to pass.

Finally Lola rose, almost roughly pushing off Nina's embrace, and walked to to the window where, her back turned to her roommate, she announced in an even, lifeless voice:

"I'm not going to join."

"Lola! Lola, you're joking," and Nina tried to laugh, but something in the other girl's manner forced her to believe that Lola was not joking.

A dead silence followed, broken only by the tick-tock, tick-tock of Lola's practical alarm clock, and the fainter tick-tock, tick-tock of Nina's little mantel clock. Nina fought hard for self-control such as the quiet figure by the window seemed to possess.

"Lola," her voice was almost a whisper, "Why—what's the matter—why aren't you—I told them—they said they wanted—"

"They did! They said they wanted me!" Passionately Lola turned, "Did they really say it at last? It has taken them nearly three years, three unbearably, unbelievably long years, years that have left a scar on my very heart, Nina, to say it! And it's too late now, it's too late, I can't join. It has lost its charm, for me; something I expected to feel has died and I do not care. It's too late, Nina dear—I'm sorry."

Nina was crying quietly—Nina always cried when she was hurt or didn't understand, and now she was hurt over Lola's refusal and because she couldn't understand what it was all about. Nina loved Lola with the biggest love it was possible for Nina to give.

"Don't cry, Nina," Lola came and knelt beside her, "It doesn't hurt any more. It did hurt, but I've grown away from it. Do stop crying, that's a dear, I want to tell you—"

A knock at the door interrupted her, and, answering the summons to "Come" a girl of perhaps nineteen years of age, pretty, well-dressed, confident in appearance, came into the room, but stopped uncertainly when she saw the two sober faces.

"Will you sit down, Ethel?"

"Thanks, Lola, but I just ran in to congratulate you; I'm ever so glad you're going to be one of our sisters." And she approached Lola who was standing now, to kiss her.

Lola stepped back and motioned the other girl to a chair. Ethel felt the coolness and glanced quickly at Nina.

"You're president now, aren't you, Ethel?"

Yes, Lola."

"Please sit down just a minute, won't you? It won't take long but—I've something to tell you."

Wonderingly, Ethel dropped into the nearest chair, and Nina, thoroughly bewildered, watched her roommate in a sort of daze. Nina alone knew what hard work it had been to get that "bid" for Lola—what arguing, pleading, and begging had been in vain until, after Mid-year examinations the girls in the sorority had seemed to have a sudden change of heart and had authorized Nina to rush Lola *hard*. Nina almost imagined why, but she had said nothing, she had been so glad to know that Lola's big wish was to be gratified. But Lola was talking in that sweet, soft voice of hers—

"On the rainiest, dreariest day of that whole rainy, dreary September, nearly three years ago, I landed at Normal, already homesick for what I had left behind, but sustained by what I expected the future to bring—new friends, new work, new play, new happiness. I do not make friends easily, though at home I always had plenty of them. Here I soon found that I was not to be singled out for special attention. I saw the sorority girls rushing here and there, attentive to this one and that one, and I knew that that was what I wanted and needed—a little friendliness and attention. But I didn't get it.

"Nina, who came to room with me, was very popular—everyone wanted to take out Nina. And she was sweet about insisting that I go along, but sometimes I wouldn't go because I felt I wasn't wanted. Oh, those dreadful, long evenings—and Nina coming in later, flushed and happy, to tell me of the marshmallow roast, or the fudge party, or the Japanese party. Of all the girls who came for Nina I admired and liked your group best, Ethel—they were so smart, so 'peppy,' so cocksure of themselves! I knew that I wanted to join your sorority, but I knew that I would not be asked. And so it was—Nina joined and I smiled to the world by day, and wept on my pillow at night. Did you girls ever think of that, I wonder? Oh, I know everyone can't be rushed, but how did they know I wouldn't bring as much honor to your sorority as would Nina, or Grace Brock, or Gwendolyn Stanton?

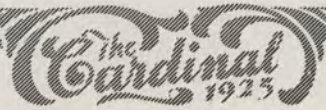
"I helped Nina dress for 'Pledge'; I was waiting up for her when she came back, starry-eyed and solemn, from Formal Initiation; and I helped her to 'scrub up' after the other initiation. Do you think I could do all that without it hurting? It hurt deeply, but I grinned and promised myself that 'next year' would be my turn—Nina would rush me. Meanwhile I studied hard, to make a record I would be proud to bring with me when I 'joined.'

"I came back next year, happy and confident. After the first meeting Nina came home very quiet and just kissed me. That was all, but it was enough—I knew they had turned me down. Why? I asked myself again and again, and I couldn't answer it. And I couldn't bear to discuss it with even Nina. Oh, you girls can never know the anguish of those days. I fought desperately with myself

to keep from going home. Life didn't seem much then, and I wanted my Mother to comfort me and soothe the hurt. But I won that battle, I stayed, and a faint hope said, 'Perhaps at Mid-years.' I studied and read; I dreamed again; and I learned to know the faculty better that second year. I found there were other things than sororities, other girls than sorority girls—girls who had dreams and ideals, and from whom I could, and did learn. Oh, but it was hard—hard to give up my dream of 'belonging.' Gradually, though, I grew. Nina helped me to grow, for—forgive me, Nina—I measured myself by her, and found I was getting away from her. Sometimes after her meeting she would come in with a frown between her eyes, and more than once I knew she cried. Of course she never told me why, but I guessed. Mid-year came and went, and my report card with its ever-increasing list of 'E's' was my main comfort. Then June—home, with the ache in my heart growing better—a wonderful summer, and back to my books, and Nina, and hope. But again I was disappointed. That time, however, I swallowed hard and forgot—no, I couldn't forget, but I was so busy with schoolwork, making new friends, having reunions with old ones, and ever building up in my thoughts a bright, happy world of my own, that I almost forgot. My report card has rewarded my efforts, and a place on the CARDINAL Staff has made up to me for a great many things. I knew when Nina asked me to go to that 'movie' party what was coming, and with that knowledge came the other—that I had grown away from you all. Your petty thoughts and aspirations—do you think I can be interested in them now? Your scheming, underhandedness in wanting me to join your sorority now that you know I am to be an honor student—do you think for a moment that I do not understand? It has taken me a long time; I was dull, I admit, but I know now that what I took to be pure gold was but brassy glitter. I do not know what your pledge is, Ethel, but it must be intended to make you square and honest. Can you say you all believe in it and live up to it? Your ideals—have you any real ones? Does your Constitution say that you shall accept a girl because she is an honor student? Your ideas are no longer like mine, Ethel, and your ideals—well, they are not for me.

"I am free to choose, free to accept or reject your 'bid,' and I choose to reject it. When I needed and wanted your help you passed me by. I have fought my fight alone, I have worked and slaved for my Mother's sake, to bring a little honor to her, and what I have won shall I now lend it to glorify your sorority! No, I'll travel the rest of the way alone, I guess. I've outgrown you—sorry!"





LU'S SUCCESSFUL FAILURE

BY

HARRIETT E. LAVISON

(Honorable Mention)

Lu slowly made her way across the campus. The sunset made the diamond-shaped panes of the chapel glow like precious stones and turned the pond into a bright disc of orange. Never before had the campus of North College looked so beautiful. But little of the beauty impressed itself on Lu's mind, however. Her eyes were turned to the ground, and her whole attitude showed itself in the word which was running through her mind. FAILURE!

That was what the Dean had called her. A failure. The words seared her brain. Involuntary tears rushed to her sparkling blue eyes. As she walked along the smooth gravel walks, memories came to her of the first day of her college life; the bustle at the station; the kind Seniors helping here and there; the mischievous Juniors hindering. But most important that first inspiring talk in the chapel. Would she ever forget the slogan Dean Winslow had used. "What you are to be, you are now becoming." How the Dean's face had lighted up when she gave that age-old motto of North College. What dreams of honor and success Lu had dreamed that first night! And now the person she honored most had called her a failure.

Queerest of all was that Lu Dunstan was one of the most popular girls of the college. Coming from a wealthy family whose name stood high in the social register of the South, her vivaciousness and sparkling personality soon came to the fore. She had invitations to join every eligible sorority on the campus. She was rushed hither and thither, to that party and this play. Her lessons took little or none of her very valuable time. She was naturally bright and in some manner succeeded in baffling her way through tests.

Then one day the Dean sent for her. Lu thought it was an invitation to dinner and went into the office with a self-composed smile and manner. The Dean had not minced words.

"I call you worse than a failure, Miss Dunstan, because you have the ability of an honor student and you have wasted it on unimportant things and have been content with just passing your subjects." Then the Dean told Lu of the little Southern girl who had come to the college twenty-five years before. This girl had been so painfully shy and retiring that no one paid any attention to her. But she studied and finally overcame her shyness and her fellow students came to know and love her. As a result of her sweet ways and her perseverance, she became, in her Senior year, president of the Student Council, the highest honor that can be paid to a student.

"That girl was your mother," the Dean said softly. "The sweetest girl who ever came to the North. And it grieves me greatly to think that you, her daughter,

should think so lightly of her real work and spend her time on ephemeral things. You are a failure. Are you going to remain one? That is entirely up to you. Now Lu, go home and think it over; and come back next week. Talk it over with me and I will help you if you need it." Lu turned slowly and walked from the room and into the bright sunset of the campus.

Upon returning to her room, she sat down in front of her dressing table, and, looking into her mirror, took stock of herself.

"Lu Dunstan, aren't you ashamed of yourself? You, whose mother is one of the sweetest girls who ever came to the North, whose father grants you every wish; is this the return they are to get for their good example? Are you to go out of North College just another ordinary girl who thinks more of her fraternity pin than the ideals of the College, more of silly pastime than her life work? Are you going to be a failure? No, you're not!" Then, sitting there in twilight, Lu made a resolution to be what her mother was.

The next day her classmates thought Lu had a new whim. She came to classes in a dark, quiet dress in place of the usual bright, daring ones she had worn in the past. Her hair was combed down straight. And, strange to say, it became her. Under her arm was a large portfolio of books *and she used them.*

In classes, instead of gazing airily around the room or distracting everyone's attention by playing silly jokes, she attended strictly to her work.

Her friends prophesied an early downfall.

"It's only a whim. It will soon pass off," was all her friends' opinion.

But it didn't. All that winter she plugged along, doing her work faithfully and conscientiously. At times the sound of gay laughter, coming from the direction of her sorority house, made her long for just a little fun. But instead she would walk up to the Dean's house and together they would sit and talk of Lu's mother until she had forgotten her temptation entirely. She never tired of hearing those stories of the past. And, knowing her mental resolve, Dean Winslow encouraged her.

As a form of recreation, Lu went into athletics. Her prowess in basketball was soon recognized by the coaches. It was the custom at the college to allow Freshmen to practice with the squad, but they were not usually allowed to play in games until they were upperclassmen.

One day, as she was running around the gym floor getting warmed up for practice, she heard her name called. Turning around, she saw Miss Bayles, the head coach, beckoning to her. Lu's heart sank. Another failure? was the question in her mind. She ran across the floor in answer to the summons.

"Miss Dunstan, the coaches had a conference last night and we have decided to let you train with the regular squad and put you in a game if the opportunity arises."

Lu's face shone. A freshman on the Varsity team. But as suddenly the thought came, could she do her school work as well if she went in training. She knew she could not. It would mean hours of practice daily and she knew she could not afford to give that time.

"I'm afraid I can't," she said slowly, painfully. Surprise showed itself on Miss Bayles' face, but she said nothing.

Lu went back to her room to fight her battle. Finally, unable to stand the solitude, she walked across the campus to the Dean's house.

"Busy?" she asked, seeing the Dean at her desk.

"Never too busy to help you," replied the Dean, pulling up a chair for Lu. "Come and tell me all about it. You look just about bursting with news."

"I am," Lu replied. "Miss Bayles just told me I could train with the team. And me only a freshman."

The Dean sat and looked at Lu for a moment. "Of course you jumped at the chance," she said.

"No, I didn't," Lu replied slowly. "I've decided not to, because it would interfere with my school work. Of course I shall continue my gym work as usual."

The Dean's face curved into that sweet smile that the students of North so loved.

"I know how much it cost to give up the opportunity," she said softly. "You are winning your fight. You are your mother's girl."

All the ache left Lu's heart. Her face shone at Dean Winslow's words.

"There is no higher praise you could have given me," she remarked smilingly. "Some day I hope to deserve it."

April came and May and then—EXAMINATIONS. Everywhere, in every dormitory, along each hall one could hear murmurings of—"I just can't learn this" or "I know I won't pass."

One day Lu suddenly decided she wanted to see her mother before she took her examinations. She needed the stimulus of her mother's encouragement. So three days before examinations, Lu disappeared. Much talk went on behind the doors of the girls' rooms. Even her best chums thought she had skipped because she was afraid of tests. But, confident of Lu's integrity, the Dean waited silently. At last came the telegram saying: "AT HOME WITH MOTHER. EXPECT ME FOR EXAMS—LU." A load lifted itself from the Dean's heart as she read the words. She knew now why Lu had skipped.

Sure enough Lu arrived in time for tests. And oh! the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth over those tests. Students stood, sat or leaned everywhere with white, scared faces, discussing them.

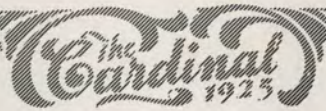
At North College one day in the school year was set aside after final tests as Merit Day. On this day, the honors were read, and the names of those who passed.

Merit Day this year dawned bright and clear. Along all the walks of the campus, students walked to chapel to hear the verdict. Their brightly colored dresses made a picture far too pretty for such a tragic occasion.

Finally they were all assembled in the old chapel. Dean Winslow rose from her seat, dignified and lovely in her black robes. Slowly, and distinctly she read the list of names of those who passed. And what sighs and gasps of relief were heard throughout the room! Finally, the list was ended and the Dean sat down. Lu's name had not been read!

Lu sat there, silent and miserable, thinking only of her mother's face when she heard the news—*failed*.

In another moment the Dean was on her feet. "I want to tell you the story



of how a failure was responsible for a success." She smilingly unfolded, bit by bit, the tale of Lu's struggle with herself. In minute detail she described Lu's refusal of a place on the basketball team. All through the recital Lu sat red and white by turns, dazed and bewildered.

"And that girl who started out a failure has the honor of having the highest average in the Freshman class. It is a great honor to me to present her name, Lulu Dunstan."

There was a moment of stunned silence, then a storm of tumultuous applause. Lu rose, her eyes filled with happy tears.

"I can only say girls that I am as much surprised as you are. But what I am now I owe to two people, Dean Winslow and my mother. If we all just keep our mothers in front of our eyes and use them as ideals, we can't help being just what they are. And who is more wonderful than your mother?"



LISTENING IN ON THE RADIO—5 YEARS HENCE

Station P. S. N. S. receiving.

Station W. E. A. F. broadcasting. First number is a piano solo by Harold Stratton entitled, "My Swedie Went Away" * * *. Next number will be a vocal solo by Dort Henry entitled, "So This is Love" * * *. Music will now be broadcasted from the Ziegfeld Follies. It might be interesting to announce who the beauties of the Follies are for 1924-1925: Gen. Milvo, Margaret McGraw, Irene Bierne, Mary Lucian, Marie Schroeder, Adele Kaemp, and Gen. Lyons.

Station K. D. K. A. broadcasting. In behalf of the faculty and students of the Plattsburgh State Normal School we are endeavoring to locate Mr. Albert Brault who, it is thought, has been kidnapped. Mr. Brault failed to return home from Leonard's Dancing Academy on the evening of the free dance. Kindly relay.

Station K. K. broadcasting. Charlie Parton's Oriole Orchestra will entertain those listening in. The first selection will be "I Found a Kit-kit-kitty" * * *.

Station P. D. Q. broadcasting. Dr. Pearl O'Donnell will discuss the merits of physical examinations. She expects to succeed Miss Goodridge at P. S. N. S., who has chosen photography as her field.

Station F. I. N. I. S. broadcasting. Bed-time Stories by Spencer Ames * * *.
GOODNITE.





2 - 3 - 4 - 5 - 6
of
A Kind



ROBERT
JR.



Seniors

*!!?



ALWAYS
SMILING



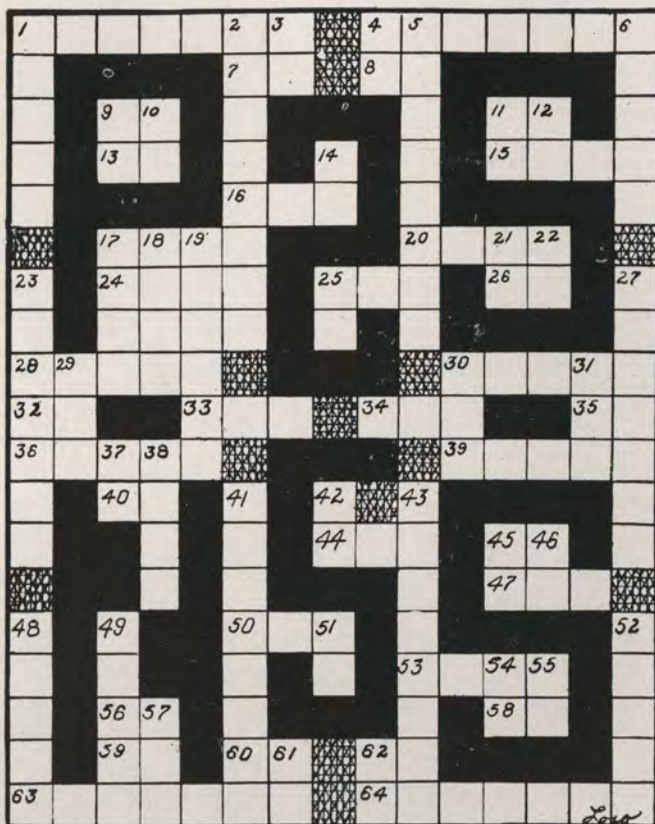
Her hair is ~~RED~~



TAMMANY HALL

NORMAL LIFE





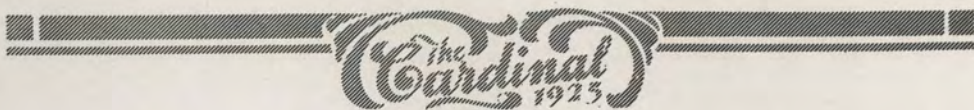
CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

1. Biggest fibber in Senior Class. (Girl.)
4. President of Senior Class.
7. Negative.
8. Therefore.
9. Mrs. Mousseau's maiden name. (Initials.)
11. Little girl who will never grow up. (Jr.)
13. Red-haired Peruvian. (Fr.)
15. Comparative degree of much.
16. Fish eggs.
17. Future Kriesler. (Jr.)
20. One of the twins. (Sr.)
24. Business manager of the Year Book.
25. Girl named after a month. (Fr.)
26. Friend of an "Earl." (Jr.)
28. Deluge
30. First alphabetically in Senior Class. (General.)
32. Note of the scale. (Diatonic.)
33. Fattest General Senior.
34. Leader of the Oriole Orchestra.
35. Degree.
36. Mysterious.
39. Lake Placid girl skater. (First initial and last name.)
40. Leader of fashion. (Jr.)
44. Senior Advisor. (Faculty.)
45. Perform.
47. Principal of P. S. N. S.
50. Private secretary to Pres. (As it were.)
53. Most popular name in Normal.
56. Sergeant-at-arms. (Fr.)
58. Famous basketball player. (Fr.)
59. Abbreviation for opposite.
60. French article.
62. Exist.
63. Junior comedian. (Poss. case.)
64. Earthquake.

VERTICAL

1. Long Islander. (Sr.)
2. Marian Cronin's better half. (Sr. girl.)
3. Negative.
4. Future Cadyvillian. (Sr. girl.)
5. Ex-Potsdam Normal girl.
6. Noisy. (Fr. girl.)
9. Lois McCarty's roommate. (Jr. girl.)
10. Freshman representative.
11. Barney's girl. (Fr.)
12. Behold.
14. Perfect flapper. (Jr.)
17. Substitute for butter.
18. Father of the business manager.
19. Rave. (Obs.)
21. Galli Curci. (Sr. girl.)
22. Young Al. (Fr. girl.)
23. Normal Sheikess. (Sr. girl.)
25. Leader of Normal Orchestra. (Faculty.)
27. Quiet Freshman.
29. Grassy plain.
30. American paper works. (Abbreviated.)
31. Oblique. (Abbreviated.)
37. Bill Libby's better half. (Jr.)
38. Ailments.
41. Daddy's place of punishment.
42. Basketball center. (Fr. boy.)
43. Lawyer.
45. Quiet member of the Senior Class. (Girl.)
46. All right.
48. Style of Greek architecture.
49. Brick layer.
51. Hal.
52. Famous dancer. (Fr.)
54. Exclamation.
55. One from Mt. Vernon. (Jr.)
57. Sister of Marielle. (Fr.)
61. One of the Singleton's.
62. Division of the Bible.



P. S. N. S. CROSS-WORD PUZZLE COMPLETE DICTIONARY

Female of Duke.....	Duquette
A kind of automobile.....	Nash
A country of dikes.....	Holland
Woods (Latin)	Sylv(i)a
What Seniors do when they spy "Daddy".....	Dodge
A fuel we couldn't get along without.....	Kohl
One who deals in meat.....	Butcher
A syllable used in singing the scale.....	Lu
One who draws a salary.....	Wagemaker
An essential bookkeeping book.....	Ledger
An adjective applying to a lawbreaker.....	Lawless
An inhabitant of southwestern Europe.....	Turk
Essential for washing.....	Tubbs
That which is worn by soldiers to carry supplies.....	Kit
An exclamation	Haugh
A famous saint.....	Anthony
A kind of fish.....	Tunny
A term given to negroes.....	Coons
A theory of Evolution.....	Spencer
Unmolested	Free
A Christmas song.....	Carol(1)
A statesman of Richelieu's age.....	Sully
A foreign coin.....	Cronin
To cook	Boyle
Ferocious animals	Lyons
A tormenting sound.....	Noyse
The result of fire.....	Bierne
An approved dictionary.....	Webster
Why children cry.....	Payne
Coste's special (sandwich).....	Mickey

The Cardinal 1925



As the Normal girl
thinks she looks



As the Normal girl
Looks



As the Normal fellow
thinks he looks



As the Normal fellow
Looks



The Cardinal
1913



ALPHABET—"COMMERCIALITES" '25

- A—is for Anderson, meek and demure,
Also for Ausman, who's well liked I'm sure.
- B—is for Baker, she's small, but oh my!
Bullis, her side-kick, and Brooks who's so shy.
Also "Hank" Brennan, of President fame.
(People IMAGINE that he is quite tame.)
- C—is for Crawford and Peg Carroll too;
One is so grand and the other will do.
Also for Cronin, who'll forsake the C's,
Quite early this fall and jump up to the P's.
- D—is for Delisle. "Izzie Tish" did you say?
Yes, she's the young "sheikess" from Saranac way.
Let's not forget "Mope" Drew, the kid from Vermont,
She never goes "walking"; she goes for a "jaunt."
- E—is quite scarce in our school at this time,
But Erickson's name is enough for my rhyme.
- F—is for famous, a word that describes
Each dignified member of Class '25.
- G—is for Gailey, a mighty good sport;
Goldman and Goodspeed, they're not a bad sort.
- H—stands for Henry and Hulihan too,
And Holland who clings to her lessons like glue.
- I—is for I. Q.'s. They explained to the mass,
That for brains, '25 was an unsurpassed class.
- J—means two Johnsons; we're proud of each name.
Class Beauty; Best Dresser; they've both attained fame.
- K—is for Kiley, who cannot be beat,
Also for Kohl, very quiet and sweet.
- L—is for Loso, who's not a bad scout;
And little "Gen" Lyons, as still as a mouse.
- M—is for Marvin, McCarthy, McGraw.
When "Maggie" gets started, Oh Boy! can't she jaw!
Also "Gen" Milvo, who's happy all day,
Never down-hearted, at least so they say.
And if you look closely, you'll SHURE find McGaulley,
Her wit keeps the class in good humor and jolly.

The Cardinal 1925

- N—is for NORMAL, the best school on earth,
Each Senior is well aware of her worth.
- O—is for Mary O, tiny but wise.
“She’ll come out on top,” is what we all surmise.
- P—stands for Pecotte, “Pat,” Pfisterer, “Phipps”;
Adolf the brilliant one; “Pat” full of quips.
- Q—is for questions, which all classes fear,
But still they are given us year after year.
- R—stands for “Right” and for “Right” we all stand,
For people like US, there is always demand.
- S—stands for “Judy,” “Spence,” “Strat,” and Sorrell,
Also for “Sully” who “poets” quite well.
- T—stands for Tierney, who likes the first floor,
And somebody on it a little bit more.
- U—is for US, wise Seniors, all say,
Not once in a while, but just every day.
- V—is for Vacation, which makes our lives gay,
When fun’s to be had, there’s never a “nay.”
- W—is for Lila and Lula and Web;
To tell Lila from Lula’s a job that takes “head.”
- X—is for Xams, which we’ll never forget,
Each one that came was the hardest one yet.
- Y—is for the yearnings, lodged in each heart,
As we think of dear NORMAL from which we must part.
- Z—is for Zeal, you see on each face,
As into Life’s battles, we march to our place.
- Y—is for the Yearnings, lodged in each heart.

A. G. D. '25.





WHAT A NORMAL EXAMINATION OUGHT TO BE

INSTRUCTIONS

Time Allowed. As much as needed. Candidates taking this examination may not converse in tones loud enough to be heard in the lower hall, but may whisper and compare notes. They may ask the teacher in charge concerning any extremely difficult part, but may not bring any data into the examination room except the regular text-book. Candidates should answer four questions from each group, but one may be omitted if credit is claimed for outside reading.

GROUP I

1. When does the 6:50 o'clock train leave? (If it is on time.)
2. How much does 25c worth of potatoes cost?
3. Where was the European War fought?
4. When was the War of 1812 fought?
5. Near what place was the Battle of Plattsburgh fought?

GROUP II

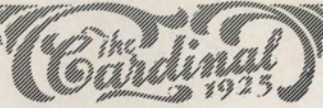
1. For what are following men noted: Jack Dempsey, Tom Mix, George Washington, Babe Ruth?
2. Who was Abraham Lincoln? In what country was he born?
3. Where in Plattsburgh is the Strand Theater located?
4. Who discovered Hudson River?
5. What is sleep? (Question by request of the majority of students.)

GROUP III

1. Who wrote Andersen's Fairy Tales?
2. Name the coldest place in New York State.
3. State (as briefly as possible) the pleasures of boarding out.
4. What is the date of the Fourth of July?
5. In what state is Ohio?

NOTE—All students are requested to write in English on the outside of the paper.

NORMAN DAVIS, '27.



ILLUSTRIOUS ONES OF FACULTY

Faculty Musician	Miss Garrity
Faculty Beauty	Miss Anne O'Brien
Faculty Dancer	Miss Lynch
Faculty Cut-up	Mr. Lamberton
Most Influential	Dr. Hawkins
Most Intellectual	Dr. Henshaw
Most Dignified	Mr. Hudson
Most Sincere	Mr. Taylor
Most Attractive	Miss Carroll
Most Enthusiastic	Miss Andrews
Most Original	Mr. Shallies
Most Athletic	Mr. Diebolt
Most Ambitious	Mr. Todd
Best All-around	Mr. Thompson
Best Dresser	Miss Hawkins
Most Natural	Miss Ketchum
Faculty Orator	Miss Alice O'Brien
Most Efficient	Mrs. Amsden
Wittiest	Mr. Smith
Faculty Doctor	Miss Goodridge



"THINGS WE CAN'T IMAGINE"

Miss Goodridge on time in the morning.
Ryan not talking to someone in the library.
Norman Davis not talking to Vera Schoenweiss during Bookkeeping.
Ames with his Business Writing finished on time.
The Freshmen not running all over the Normal building.
Herzog out with the chorus girls.
Kit Kiley sitting still for five minutes.
Dr. Henshaw missing an entertainment at the Normal.

A FAIRY TALE IN FRESHMAN STYLE

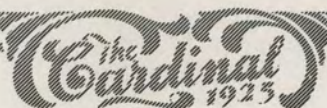
Once upon a time there was a Smart Baker who was inclined to be very Lawless. One day she began Hurling Rice and Coffee all over the kitchen. The Butcher who was a Turk came into the kitchen with Berkowsky the Banker. They both held that this was not Wright. They sent the Manly Masoner, Hobson, to the Broadwell to bring back Staves from the Wilson Tubbs. With these they subdued the Boyd. "Darrah go before the Judge?" shrieked the Baker. "Curry me there." So the Butcher and the Banker bade the Manly Masoner Hobson "Wheeler there."

The Judge who was suffering with a Boyle and was annoyed by the Noyes and the Parton her hair put the bail high and said, "Payette before Noon." There must be a Baker so they hired a Coon(s) who made her Fortune cooking Haron. The Baker, after serving her sentence was put Free but must ever Dodge Defoe.

One day Nelson, who was held in Thrall by the Coon(s), found some Haron which the Cook had left Coulon. In his haste to consume the dainty morsel he choked on a Bowen. "Haugh! Haugh! cried the heartless Coon(s).

BOOKS

<i>The Wanderer of the Waste (Waist) Land</i>	Spencer Ames
<i>Seventeen</i>	Lawrence Lefevre
<i>The Age of Innocence</i>	Cynthia Brooks
<i>Brass</i>	Mildred Mack
<i>Flaming Youth</i>	Mildred Stafford
<i>Book on Etiquette</i>	Our Boys



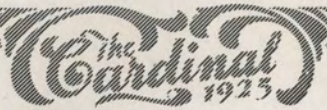
DON'T YOU WISH YOU KNEW

What goes on at Faculty meeting?
What Hal Stratton and Webster talk about in their mutual study periods?
Why the Seniors always beat the Juniors?
Why we laugh at Foster's questions?
What good exams do?
How many hearts Sonny Nelson has broken?
Why Miss Ketchum always picks on cows?
Why Mr. Lamberton parts his mustache in the middle?
Why Gen needs two belts?
Why Brennan always gets his own way?
Why Maggie is so cranky?
What they are going to do with the silhouettes?
Where Louis Drinkwine finds 32 hours in a day?
If Prevost learned to shoot craps in Peru?
Where Charlotte Hulihan's essay has disappeared?
Where Sarah Hofmann learned to dance?
Why Hazel Pecotte goes in for "Art"?

P. S. N. S. NEWSTAND

<i>Literary Digest</i>	M. Tierney
<i>Home Life</i>	Mary Cronin
<i>Country Gentlemen</i>	K. Williams
<i>Beauty</i>	Marie Cronin
<i>Classic</i>	Peg Daniels
<i>Physical Culture</i>	Miss Goodridge
<i>Judge</i>	Dr. Hawkins
<i>Life</i>	"Midge"
<i>Gregg Writer</i>	Mr. Todd
<i>The House Beautiful</i>	Helen Mousseau
<i>Good Housekeeping</i>	Emily Cunningham
<i>La Vie Parisienne</i>	Kitty Dragoon
<i>Pictorial Review</i>	Ruth Larson
<i>St. Nicholas</i>	Alice Coons
<i>True Stories</i>	Charlotte Hulihan
<i>Snappy Stories</i>	Kit Kiley
<i>The Musician</i>	Miss Garrity
<i>The Balance Sheet</i>	Miss Ketchum
<i>System</i>	Mr. Thompson
<i>How to Dance in Three Lessons</i>	Mr. Broadwell
<i>How to be Happy Tho' Married</i>	Mrs. O'Donnell





ALUMNI OFFICERS

MRS. KATHRYN CONWAY FARRELL, '17.....	<i>President</i>
MISS ELIZABETH BAKER, '18.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
MR. T. W. McQUILLAN, '21.....	<i>Secretary</i>
MISS ELIZABETH R. HAWKINS, '14.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

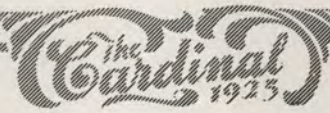
ALUMNI

Dear steadfast halls, our Normal School,
Are you, too, growing old?
Draw back the veil that screens the years,
O History, swift and bold.

Draw back the veil and let us see
The intervening years;
O History! Thou hast written large,
With laughter and with tears.

Staunch halls we loved, dear Normal School,
We are not growing old—
'Tis but the mellowness of Time,
A tinge of sunset gold.

And, as one weaves a chaplet fair
To lay upon a shrine;
So, round thy pillared portals we
Fresh laurel now entwine.



CLASS OF 1925

Several of our classmates of '25 left Plattsburgh Normal in June, 1924, having been certified by the State to teach for three years. Those receiving certification were:

Irene E. Racicot. "Rene" has taught for the past year in New Hyde Park, Long Island. It is her intention to come back to Normal in September to finish her course. Though we are glad that she is coming back, it is our one regret that she did not graduate with us, for we have certainly missed her pep in all our class affairs.

Maude E. Hayes. Maude started to teach in New Hyde Park in September with Irene. Cupid visited that city early in the term, however, and a marriage knot resulted between Maude and Benjamin Munsell. The couple are now living in Paul Smith's.

Carolyn Greenlund. Only two of our commercial classmates was fortunate enough to secure a position, and one was Carol. She is teaching in the Jamestown High School. We have missed her greatly.

Francis Gallagher. "Fan" has been teaching in Elizabeth, N. J., for the past year. According to all reports he has become a very successful "prof."

Maude Fifield. Early in September Maude left our midst to become a bride. She is now Mrs. H. E. Robson, and is living 'way down the state in Friendship, N. Y.

CLASS OF 1924

Because of the institution of the three-year course in normal schools in September, 1923, the graduating class of '24 was very small. Among the members who are now teaching are the following:

Vera R. Anson is teaching in a grammar school in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson at the present time, but she intends to teach next year in Glens Falls.

Agnes K. Barker is in Whitehall teaching.

Marion E. Bishop is teaching in a Keeseville elementary school.

Gertrude M. Corrigan is teaching in one of the Long Island schools.

Gertrude E. Kirby is teaching in West Chazy and so is able to come often to see us.

Johanna C. Lee teaches in a school near Ballston Spa.

M. Elva Royce, Alice Ryan, and Alberta Perry are all teaching in the Ausable Forks school.

Mary Caffrey is a member of the faculty of the Hudson Reform School at Hudson, N. Y.

Mary E. Quinlan teaches in the Plattsburgh High School.

John J. O'Connell is attending the Law School at Albany, N. Y.

CLASS OF 1923

The following graduates of the elementary course are teaching:

Marion B. Bigelow and Gladys Huntley have deserted this state for New Jersey. Marion is in Mahwah and Gladys is at High Bridge.

Vern Bradley is in Valley Stream, N. Y., teaching.

Alice and Alida Densmore are together at Tivoli, where they teach the elementary grades.

A visit through the central part of the state would show Louise Coulter in Salem, Ruth O'Donnell and Angela Steves in Hudson Falls, Ruth Ryder in Port Henry, and Bessie Sherman in Fort Edward.

The schools of the Hudson Valley towns claim many of P. S. N. S.'s graduates. Among these are: Delia Thurlow at Mt. Kica, Helena Mehan at Cornwall, M. Grace Karl at West Haverstraw, and Betty Houghton in the Hudson Reform School Teaching Department at Hudson.



Like a magnet New York City and the surrounding towns seem to attract our alumni. Elsie Smith is teaching in a private school in New York City. Catherine Smalley is teaching in Amityville, and Mary Otis is teaching at New Hyde Park.

Everyone remembers what intimate pals Rena Proulx and Lillian Finnegan were in their school days. Fate has decreed that even in the outside world a great distance shall never separate them, and so we find Rena at Tupper Lake and Lillian at Lake Placid. Fannie Volpert is also at Lake Placid.

Mrs. Ruth Learned has never left the city of her Alma Mater. She is now teaching in one of the city schools.

Katherine Vaughn is a member of the Keeseville faculty.

Rose O'Neil never ventured far from us; nor did Dorothea Letson. The former is in Ausable Forks and the latter at Mooers.

Fortunately we have been able to keep in touch with most of the graduates of the commercial course and have found some teaching, some in office, and following another vocation, keeping house.

Mary Behan and Rose Gold are teaching in private schools in New York City. Loretta Libby teaches in the immediate vicinity of the big city.

Long Island boasts of having attracted the following graduates: Anne Flannigan, Ruth Gray at Easthampton, Edna Schenkel at Southampton, Helen McLaughlin at Center Moriches, Leda Mock at Hicksville, Michael Brennan and Edith Kelley at Lynbrook, Teresa Smith at Amityville, Marie Hansa at West Hampton, and Wilhelmina Pfister at Lyndonhurst.

We're off to New Jersey! Anne Braw and Irene Harrington are both teaching ways of the business world to their enthusiastic pupils. Bernice Darrah teaches in Elizabeth. Harmon Bulley and "Ken" Lock keep each other company in the Garfield High School.

If we were to travel "upstate" it would be our good fortune to find many of '23's class:

"Peg" Weaver is teaching the commercial subjects in the Poughkeepsie High School.

Flora Pfisterer is teaching in Hyde Park.

Harriet Bradley and Helen Purdy have become successful teachers in the Amsterdam schools.

Ed Dodds is teaching in the Hornell High School. About sixty miles from there is his old pal, "Eddie" Lavigne, who is a member of the faculty of the Southport High School in Elmira.

Mart Webster is now teaching in Elmira Heights, but a little bird told us that she has other plans for next year. Best wishes, Mart!

Arleeta Knickerbocker is teaching in the Cortland High School. Leave it to "Nick" to put us on the map even in the vicinity of another normal school.

Hazel Snider teaches in Albany Business College at Albany.

Julia Haley is teaching part-time school in Jamestown, N. Y.

Bessie Federman has become a prominent part-time teacher in the Buffalo schools.

Ada Harvey is teaching in the Ilion High School.

Mary Ellis and Jo Connors are both instructing the younger generation in the Ilion Business School.

Mary Engel is teaching in Falconer, N. Y.

Mary Markham and Ruth Maroney, our Salamanca girls, have found positions near their homes. Mary is in Gowanda (no, not in the asylum), and Ruth is in Celeron.

Martha Zimmerman is teaching in the Rochester Business Institute.

Bernard Tracy is living in Rochester.

In a suburb of Rochester, Fairhaven, we find Helen Scott. We believe that she has accepted a position in the Rochester High School for next September.

After working for two years in the General Electric office in Schenectady, Ruth Naish decided that she wanted to become a teacher. In Lyndonville she readily gratified her desire, and it is said that she has been very successful.



Whenever we ask for alumni notes, someone eagerly says, "You know Helen Weed is in Batavia, don't you? Well, she is the best little teacher ever." We don't doubt it a bit, "Weedie."

In locating our alumni, we cannot slight northern New York. Many of '23 prefer that section, too.

Miriam Wladis is teaching at Canton.

Edna Charlesbois and Ruth Consaul are both teaching in Clayton.

Charles Brault is at Alexander Bay.

Harold Benway teaches at Tupper Lake.

Katherine Holland has accepted a position at Saratoga to begin teaching in September.

A few graduates have flocked to other states. "Tom" Brown is in Suffield, Conn. Katherine Murphy is at Richford, Vt. "Bill" McGaulley is in the real estate business in Florida.

Two of our young ladies are in Brooklyn. Selma Hoffman's address is 135 Prospect Park West, and Ruth Zingisser's is 130 Chester St.

Now for those who draw their weekly "fat" envelopes from an office! Blanche Brunell is employed at the Merchants Bank of Plattsburgh. Venita Columbe, Ellen Forrence, Margaret Buckley, Hazel Garrant, Margaret Holland, and "Bonny" O'Connell are working in various city offices. Esther Seymour has become an important spoke in the wheel of the General Electric Company in Schenectady.

We wish someone would tell us where Cupid was hidden when '23 reigned supreme in P. S. N. S. So many hearts were pierced by his bow! Among the victims are:

Edwin C. Andrews, the president of the class, and Eleanor Gram were married August 23, 1924. They are living in Geneva and "Ed" is teaching at the Geneva High School.

Michael Brennan married Alice Laravie of this city. Their home is in Lynbrook, where Mr. Brennan is an influential member of the high school faculty.

Peggy King is Mrs. Lyle Carpenter of this city.

Lola Knapp is married too, but we have not heard the name of the fortunate man.

Two more thrilling romances: Edith Richie is Mrs. Bernard Lavigne. Both of these young people graduated in 1923. Orva Schoonerman is Mrs. Harold Ellis. She lives in Oswego.

M. Bernadette Mitchell is Mrs. Charles LaPierre of Colton, N. Y.

Rosalie Esmond Walsh is living in one of the suburbs of Plattsburgh. Is it Saranac, Rosalie?

Rocelia Durkee has become Mrs. Everest Allen of Peru.

Hazel Smith is married.

Bess Turner is Mrs. Roy I. Blake of West Chazy. She was married in June, 1924.

CLASS OF 1922

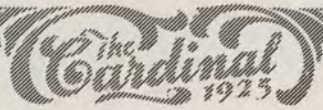
Deaths:

Flora G. Conway on August 23, 1924.

In that great Cloister's stillness and seclusion
By guardian angels led.
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives—whom we call dead.

The following are the graduates who are making use of the knowledge gained at P. S. N. S.:

Julia Beede is teaching at Ausable Forks. We are wondering, though, how long it will be before that diamond on her left hand will be set off by the "shining band of gold."



Helen Collidge is teaching at Ellenburg Center.

Bertha Davidson is watching over the cherubs in the primary grades of the Spring Valley school.

Many of the small towns around this city are graced with the presence of members of this class. In Peru, Theresa Keenan is teaching, while Isola Newell is in Champlain, Frances Slater at St. Huberts, Gertrude Trombley at Altona High School, and Mary McAuliff at Clintonville.

Hildegard Smalley is one of the many Normalities who are teaching at Amityville, Long Island.

Katherine Burgevin is teaching near New York City.

Isabel Everest is teaching in New Jersey.

Lily Carlin is teaching in her home town, Jamestown, New York.

Alice Chase represents our Alma Mater in Canada by her presence in a Montreal school.

In the Mohawk Valley we find Mildred Gordon and Genevieve Ruby at Ilion.

Francis LaBombard is teaching at Manhasset, Long Island.

Cora Pierce is a member of the Amsterdam High School faculty. We have heard she is very well liked by both students and teachers. We don't wonder, Cora.

Marion Sherrard is teaching at the High School in Depew, N. Y.

Eleanor Tubbs has not forgotten P. S. N. S. She has proved it by her many visits to this school. At present she is teaching in the Ticonderoga High School.

For three years Florence Newsome has been teaching in Sidney and her success there has been commented on by many. However, she is leaving that town in June, and though we do not know where she is going, we wish her happiness in whatever she undertakes.

In the Hornell High School Catherine McQuillan is teaching.

Virginia Mooney of Peekskill, N. Y., teaches near her home.

Ruth Ringquist is applying her professional knowledge in a Maryland school.

Anna Newman is teaching at Lyons, N. Y.

Marion Rooney has recently accepted a position at White Plains, N. Y.

We regret that we are unable to state definitely where other members of the class are teaching, but we know that the following graduates are still "at it": Hilda Wright, Anna Murtagh, Mae Owens, Beulah Emery, Margaret Connors, Katherine Ederer, and Bertha Elliot.

Other members of 1922 have found success in other fields. Among these are: Vivian Weaver, who is employed as a stenographer at the Physicians' Hospital; Helen Meiner, who prefers to deal in "coin" and so works in the bank in her home town, Sidney, N. Y.; Mary Fitzpatrick, Gladys Herwerth, Kathleen Graves are employed in offices in Plattsburgh; Marguerite Pattno is in an office in Ausable.

Last but not least we must give space to the following—shall we say "Fortunate" members of this class:

Alice Thompson is Mrs. J. R. St. Mary and lives at 534 Yates St., Albany, N. Y.

Rae Braw has recently changed her name to Mrs. Clarence Issac. She lives on W. 116th St., New York.

Helen Croll has become Mrs. Gene Cole and resides in this city.

Raymond and Gertrude Frazier are both married. Raymond is teaching in Buffalo. Gertrude is Mrs. Harry Krouse and has deserted these parts for Riverhead, Fla.

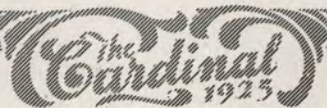
Mrs. Leo Murray is the name Frances Byrnes has taken. She, too, lives in Florida—in West Palm Beach.

Lucille Lawrence has also changed her name. It is Mrs. Howard W. Dickinson.

And Harold Ellis! He is married too. He teaches in Oswego High School.

It is rumored that Helen M. Lewis is contemplating changing her name to Monteville. Best wishes, Helen.

Beatrice M. Donahue's address is 14 Trumbull St., New Haven, Conn.



CLASS OF 1921

Four years have passed since our Alma Mater turned out these students whom she had made ready to become teachers, and so we take pleasure in announcing that the following few are enjoying their chosen work:

Helen Emperor teaches at Saranac Lake.
Ada Carey is teaching in Ellenburg Center.
Edwin C. Robart is teaching in Tenaflly, N. J.
Esther Papineau teaches in Ausable Forks.
Elizabeth Trudeau is teaching at Tupper Lake.
Grace Cuddeback is at Ardsley teaching.
Frank Tabor is in the Malone schools.
Dorothy Tjeerdsma is a member of the faculty of the Endicott High School, Endicott, N. Y.
Adeline Conkell is teaching at Brockton, Mass.
Ruth Abrahamson teaches in her home town, Jamestown, N. Y.
Albert DesJardins is at Tuckahoe.
Arthur Lyons teaches in a town in the vicinity of New York City.
Walsh McQuillan has become the principal of the High School at Ausable Forks.
Julia Hurley is in Ramsey, N. J. It is rumored that she is to be married in the near future.

Miscellaneous notes concerning members of the 1922 class:

Jane Collins and Genevieve Ryan are living at their respective homes. Jane is in Glens Falls, and Genevieve in Plattsburgh.
James O'Connell is attending the Albany Law School. Evidently he is going to become a lawyer. We hope he will always be a defendant of P. S. N. S.
Margaret Merritt is married to Mr. Leo Nash of this city.
Ethel Merrihew has been spending the past year traveling in the Southern States.

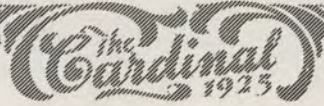
CLASS OF 1920

We submit the following list of graduates of 1920:

Flora Davison is teaching in Whitehall.
Eunice Bradley and Mabel Giles are at Valley Stream teaching.
Gertrude Powers teaches at Morrisonville.
Adah Brown teaches in Hackensack, N. J.
John Whalen, our friend Professor Jack, is teaching at Yonkers.

They say that school teachers are all old maids, but we wish to refute the argument and as evidence use the following cases of matrimony:

Ruth L. Fifield is married and is living in Plattsburgh.
Margaret E. Healey is Mrs. William McMartin.
Grace Norcross was married on November 28, 1923, to Mr. William A. Bell of Eastport.
Katherine C. Thompson is Mrs. Donald Studholme.
Marion Baker is Mrs. W. Thurston Christie of Ridgeway, N. J.
Alta Gilliland is Mrs. August B. J. Holm of Newark, N. J.
Catherine A. Sancomb is Mrs. William J. Fay of Chateaugay.
Josephine Stewart and Mary Thompson are also married.



Sadie Kaufman's address is 318 Smith St., Hoboken, N. J.

Mary A. Parrotte is living at home here in Plattsburgh.

How many normal schools can boast of this achievement for an alumnus? Percival W. Colburn is secretary to the Governor of Alaska.

CLASS OF 1919

Deaths:

Mr. Frederick H. Martin.

For some reason we have not been able to get in touch with many members of this class. Remember, Classmates of 1919, your Alma Mater is ever ready to hear any account of your whereabouts.

Letitia Provost is teaching at Norwood.

Madeline Hitz is a member of the faculty of the Poughkeepsie High School.

Ida M. McDowall teaches at Westfield, N. J.

The last time that any news was received from Louise Lewis was in 1923, and at that time she was teaching in Rutherford, N. J.

Agnes Bowe is employed at the *Republican* newspaper office in this city.

Hilda Nichols is secretary to the principal of the Plattsburgh High School.

Florence Snye is Mrs. M. Sherby. Her address is 253 W. Delevan Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Marjorie L. Flint is Mrs. O'Brien.

Margaret S. Amsden is married. Her name is Mrs. Francis J. Preston and her address is 235 Deer Park Ave., Babylon, N. Y.

Helen Meagher's married name is LePan.

CLASS OF 1918

This class will go down in the annals of the History of Normal Schools as being the most patriotic class in time of need. It is needless to say that the work they did here during the wartime will never be forgotten.

Deaths:

Helen S. Bond.

Mae M. Jacques is still being patriotic—right in the heart of our capital city. She is employed in an office in Washington, D. C.

Laura Ellenwood is teaching at the MacDuffy School for Girls at Springfield, Mass.

Frances A. Buckley is teaching at Port Washington, Long Island.

Catherine McQuillan has certainly shown her appreciation of her Alma Mater. She was graduated with this class from the elementary course and was graduated in 1922 from the commercial course. She is now teaching in the Hornell High School.

Stella M. Padnode is teaching in Schenectady.

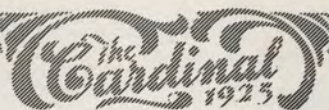
Frances L. Abrahamson has become the head of the Commercial Department of the Jamestown High School. It is not often that a young lady achieves this honor in a high school and P. S. N. S. is proud of her.

Marion Colley teaches in one of the Syracuse schools.

Charles J. Lyons teaches in Poughkeepsie.

Right here in Plattsburgh, "never straying far away" from Plattsburgh Normal, we often see the following people: Abraham Wolfe, Karl R. Myers, Dot Lyons and Marion R. Fisk.

Flora Purvis may be reached at 518 Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



The following records are entered on the matrimonial page of our journal:

Mabel Austin to Mr. Tobin.
Elizabeth Baker to Mr. David Roman of Ridgewood, N. J.
Catherine I. Byrnes to Mr. Walter McQuillan.
Martha Katz to Mr. Myron S. Lash of St. Albans, Vt.
Alice Palmer to Mr. Reuben Graves of Albany.
Dorothy Hawthorne to Mr. A. B. Taylor of New London, Conn.
Mila Hines.
Margaret D'Arcy.
Martha Goldberg.

CLASS OF 1917

Deaths:

Ruth S. Alexander in October, 1919.

Teaching:

Julia Collins in Lyon Mountain.
Ethel Cornwright in Orlando, Fla. She is the principal of a grade school.
Lucy Cutting in Elizabethtown High School.
Elizabeth Gilliland in Glen Cove, Long Island.
Gertrude McNutt in Glens Falls.
David B. Brady in Rochester High School.
Esther Hanna in Westwood, N. J.

It is only fitting that Lillian Cooke's name be mentioned with due emphasis for, as a teacher of part-time work in Poughkeepsie, she has become very prominent, and much praise has been given P. S. N. S. because of the excellent record she has made in this state.

It is very evident that matrimony is the vocation of the majority of the graduates of '17. See for yourself!

Kathleen Buckley, Kathryn A. Hickey, Edith Soper, and Rae Washburn are married, but we do not know the names of the gentlemen in the cases.

Kathryn A. Conway is Mrs. Thomas Farrell.

Harriet G. Davey married Mr. Bryant Seaman and lives in Hempstead, L. I.

Veracunda McGaulley has become Mrs. J. L. Gleason and is now living in Palm Beach, Fla.

Mary R. McMasters is Mrs. Geo. Durye of Oyster Bay.

Katherine M. McMartin is Mrs. Charles Martin. Mrs. Martin is the district superintendent in this section of the county.

Amy Sherman is Mrs. Guy Mason of Warrensburg.

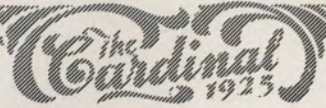
Ruth H. Goodrow is married to Mr. Chas. A. Jandreau.

Anna Nelson is Mrs. Fred Singer and lives in Mechanicsville.

Marie Kronhauser has become Mrs. Jacoby, Wilmington, Del.

Chloe M. Sisson is Mrs. George Lobdell.

Shay, Sharrer, and Shad, the happy three of 1917! We have not been able to discover the whereabouts of Julia Shay, but we do know that Margaret Sharrer is Mrs. James Conway of Albany, and that Emelie Shad is married too.



CLASS OF 1916

Deaths:

Bessie M. Anderson in October, 1918.

Our record of this class is rather small, but somewhat encouraging.

Hazel Delmage is now Mrs. Harold Smith of Buffalo, N. Y.

Gladys Kimball has changed her name to Mrs. Oliver.

Mrs. E. J. Ryan of Plattsburgh, N. Y., was formerly Elizabeth Rooney.

Ellen Rugar is Mrs. Harry Vaughan. Her address is Kirksville, Mo.

Carlos Brown is married.

Maude E. Clark is married to Mr. Carl F. Patten of Plattsburgh.

Pearl Clyne is Mrs. David Free.

Mrs. J. S. Robb was formerly Miss Katherine L. Cuddeback.

Hazel Darrah changed her name to Mrs. F. L. Beckerstaff, and she resides in San Antonio, Tex.

Adelaide Landon is now Mrs. Frederick Stroke.

CLASS OF 1915

Deaths:

Miss Elizabeth Smith.

Teaching:

Miss Catherine L. Burke is teaching in White Plains High School.

Miss Elizabeth Grube teaches in the Southport High School in Elmira.

Marriages:

Miss Muriel N. Barton is Mrs. Arthur Adkins of Ticonderoga.

Miss Sara J. Weed is Mrs. Richard Downs of Ticonderoga.

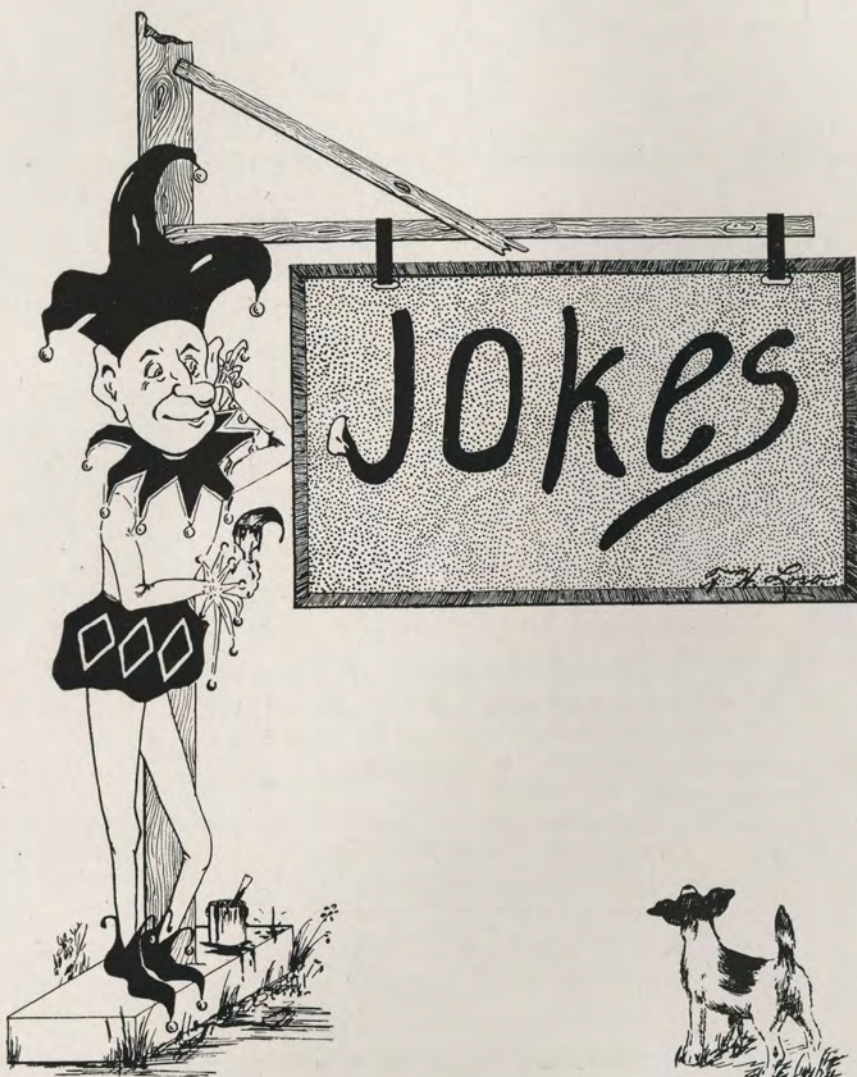
Miss Katherine R. Wolfe is Mrs. Charles Krummer.

Mrs. Chalmers was formerly Viola McDowell.

Miss Mary L. Taylor has become Mrs. John Rockford and is a resident of Schenectady.

Miss Halcyon D. Lapoint is Mrs. J. H. Rusterwoltz and lives in Saranac Lake.





The Cardinal 1923

F—oolish
R—idiculous
E—vergreen
S—calliwags
H—ideous
M—isguided
E—mpty-heads
N—umbskulls of

'27

(Isn't is so?)

J—abbering
U—nsophisticated
N—uisances
I—diotic
O—verbearing
R—umpus makers
S—illy kids of

'26

(Recognize them?)

S—uperior
E—fficient
N—ever lacking
I—n “pep”
O—r ability
R—ecognized by all as
S—ome class!

'25

(That's US!)

A Frosh stood on a railroad track,
The train was coming fast;
The train got off the railroad track,
And let the Freshman pass.

Small boy in the first grade—“Miss Nash, do liars go to heaven?”
Evelyn—“Why no, certainly not.”

Small boy (after slight pause)—“It must be lonesome up there with only God and George Washington.”

A PROBLEM

“Not know,” said I, “which to choose!
Why, any girl in your shoes
Would think herself lucky
To get such a ducky
As either, so why have the blues?”

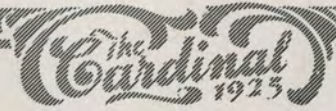
“I could choose between Billy and Ted
By flipping a nickel,” she said.
“It's about my new dress;
I'm in utter distress
To decide between orange and red.”

WHY TEACHERS LEAVE HOME

Miss Ketchum—“Put a T account on the board, Mr. Caffrey.”
Caffrey goes to the board and puts on a T account and writes over it the heading Tea.

Louie Drinkwine (at 10:00 o'clock)—“Guess I must be going.”
Gertrude—“Don't hurry.”
Louie—“What do you think I am, a night hawk?”

Mr. Smith (in Tests and Scales Class)—“I wish to say to those who are absent that I wish they were present.”



SIGNS WHICH PREDICT THE END OF THE WORLD

When Johnny Fitzpatrick doesn't call on Frances every evening.
When Bub Ostrander goes out with someone besides Phipps.
When Eileen McGaulley hasn't a sarcastic answer.
When Dort Henry grows fat.
When Vera Schoenweiss wears a hat.
When "Hat" Lavison hasn't a new crush.
When Foster Loso becomes question-less.
When Hazel Pecotte loses her sunny disposition.
When Mary Grimes loses her dignity.
When the Seniors don't go to Mr. Thompson for advice.
When Cynthia Brooks hasn't prepared her lesson.
When Madeline Arthur isn't hungry.
When Normal girls don't go to Coste's.
When Ray Tierney doesn't have to leave minstrel practice at 8:30.
When Pat comes down to earth.
When they put wax on the "gym" floor for a dance.
When Hugh Conway doesn't pick the orange seeds from the hall rugs.
When Al Herzog goes to a dance.
When Maurice Rabinowitz flunks an exam.
When Marian Tubbs fails to be a good sport
When Hannah and Laura fight.
When Miss Ketchum gets to church on time.
When Kit Kiley becomes unpopular.
When the old adage about red hair fails to prove true.
When Sully gives up the Irish Brigade for the K. K. K.
When Mary McCarthy is not considerate of other people.
When Betty Lawless doesn't talk.

A RIPE OLD AGE

Dr. Henshaw (in History of Ed.)—"Where did the Mohammedans get their desire for learning?"

Peg Carroll—"They captured Aristotle."

NOTE—This makes Aristotle's approximate age 1000 years.

Phipps—"All good looking people seem to be engaged."

Dilly—"Are you?"

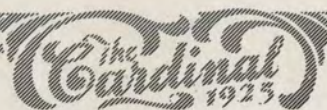
Phipps—"Oh! There are exceptions to every rule."

Mim—"Why does Marion look so reserved?"

Charlotte—"Because she is engaged to Johnny, I suppose."

Lillian Langey—"Why is a Ford car like a bathtub?"

Turkey—"You like to own it, but you hate to be seen in it."



CLAUSES FOUND IN LETTERS "HOMEWARD BOUND"

"You know I have worn that evening gown twice in succession and so many of the girls got new ones for Christmas."

"I am well, but tired from overwork, and hope you are the same."

"—— and the doctor's bill was \$10.00 and you know he expects his money before long."

"—— and I owe my class dues, sorority dues, athletic dues, and odds and ends."

"I will close now for I have a great deal of studying to do."

"I haven't been out one night in a dog's age. We go to bed every night at 9:00."

"And I have to have my professionals taken and that means another \$4.50 (?)."

"Don't be surprised if I come home mid-years for the school is overcrowded, the work is awfully hard, and you know I might not pass."

"Everybody is excited about the coming banquet, but I don't think I shall be able to go for it costs \$2.50 a plate."

"I got an average of 74 in Economic History and I have an "X" on my card. Most everyone flunked it."

Roberts (musingly)—"Swell skirts."

Bill—"Those two girls who just passed?"

Roberts—"No, I was thinking about your trouser legs."

Mary Morrissey (to Peggy Van Brunt who was putting on her glasses)—"What are you putting on my glasses for?"

Peggy Van Brunt—"I'm trying to find the Lost Chord for Miss Garrity."

Dr. Henshaw (in History of Ed.)—"If we lived on the coast, what courses might be included in the curriculum?"

Pfisterer—"Fishing."

Phipps (out riding with Bub)—"Now Bub stop! You know the Faculty have stopped necking."

Bub—"Darn, the next thing we know they'll be wanting us to stop too."

P. Van Brunt—"You Seniors are all the same age, aren't you?"

M. Morrissey—"How's that?"

Peggy—"You all write 25 after your name."

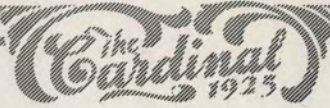
Peg—"Are you familiar with the course in Economics?"

Phipps—"You bet I am, I call it Echo for short."

Peg—"Bill's a three-letter man."

Phipps—"Baseball, football, and basketball, I suppose?"

Peg—"No, I-O-U."



Roberts—"Oh, I was so frightened last night."

Dilly—"How?"

Gladys—"Bill came up last night and called me his treasure, and I suspected he wanted to bury me."

GUESS WHO?

McGaulley (in Dunton's to Art Columbe)—"Have you any really nice sweeties?"

Art—"Well, only one."

Spencer Ames (after a 40 minute conversation)—"Central, can't I get a better line?"

Central (who had heard most of the conversation)—"What's the matter with the one you have? I think it's pretty good."

Midge Haron—"How are you going to earn enough money for the dance?"

Brennan—"Why I'm going to write."

Midge—"Write What are *you* going to write?"

Brennan—"Home."

Dilly—"Peg, I hear you are keeping a diary of your quarrels with Bill."

Peg—"Yes, it's a scrap book."

Dot Henry—"I'm sorry that a previous engagement prevents my attending the lecture tomorrow night, but I shall be there in spirit."

Drinkwine—"Splendid. And where do you wish your spirit to sit. I have seats for \$1.00, \$2.00 and \$2.50."

Gladys Roberts—"I saw a movie last night starring Calvin Coolidge."

Mim—"Really, what was the name of it?"

Gladys—"Pathe News."

ADVICE

To the thin—Don't eat fast.

To the fat—Don't eat. Fast.

Strat—"I want to join the cavalry."

Officer—"Had any experience with horses?"

Strat—"Well, I worked on a merry-go-round."

Midge Haron (having run over a lady's pet dog)—"Madam, I will replace the animal."

Lady—"Sir, you flatter yourself!"

The Cardinal 1923

Senior—"I thought you had that exam down cold."

Junior—"Well, I did, I got zero."

1st Senior—"Why do you suppose the Freshmen have such a vacant expression?"

2nd Senior—"Well, they think of themselves a great deal."

Miss Lynch—"Why is English called the Mother tongue?"

Marion Turk—"Because Father never gets a chance to use it."

Betty Lawless—"I just got some invoice pads."

Evelyn Nash—"What are you going to do, take vocal lessons?"

Eileen McGaulley (emptying joke box)—"I have some raw material here."

"No," said Lillian Langey, "I was never strong on literature, to save my life I couldn't tell you who wrote Gray's 'Elegy'."

Mr. Lamberton had explained a question to the class by illustrations on the board. Being anxious to have everyone understand it, he again went to the board and said, "Class, now watch the board while I run through it."

Rabbit—"Lillian McDougall always reminds me of an Eskimo Pie."

Prevost—"Why?"

Rabbit—"Sweet, but cold!"

Foster (trying to stall in Business Organization)—"You know that car that I was driving yesterday. Well, I made 60 in it."

Mr. L.—"Pay attention, Loso, and I'll show you how to make 75."

Brault (trying to pull an old joke in bookkeeping)—"Can a fellow be punished for something he hasn't done?"

Miss K. (with a quizzical smile)—"All right, Mr. Brault, you may be excused until you have prepared your lesson."

Sarah Hofmann—"Yes, this is my latest picture and I tell you 10,000 wouldn't buy it."

Phipps—"Yes, and I'm one of the 10,000."

Mr. Lamberton—"What is usually done with the byproducts of gasoline?"

E. Carney—"Usually they are taken to the nearest hospital."

Cath. McCaffrey—"My Mother says I have the prettiest mouth she has ever seen."

G. Caffrey—"Huh, that's nothing, I'm willing to put mine up against it any old time."



Major Premise—"Students come to school to improve their faculties."

Minor Premise—"The teachers are their faculties."

Conclusion—"Therefore, the students come to school to improve their teachers."

Something we would like to know:

Why do Freshmen never grow?

Something else we'd like to say:

How do Juniors get that way?

But something we can understand—

Why all Seniors are so grand!

WE WOULD NEVER THINK IT OF CYNTHIA

Cynthia Brooks (in Business Organization)—"Mr. Lamberton, may I change my place? I can't be good when I sit beside Miss Baker."

George Stratton (teaching Norma to drive his car)—"In case of emergency put on the brake."

Norma K.—"Why, I thought the brake came with the car."

Keevit—"Did you see that conductor looking at you as if you hadn't paid your fare?"

Guerber—"Yes, and did you see me looking at him as if I had."

Ethel Carlson—"Which way does a pin go?"

Gladys—"I'll bite."

Ethel—"Well, it's hard to tell. It points one way and is headed the other."

Edith Huber—"What's the difference between a dog's tail and a millionaire?"

Catherine Oles—"I don't know."

Edith Huber—"Dog's tail keeps a wagging (wagon) and a millionaire keeps an automobile."

Frosh No. 1—"Does Marian McCarthy belong to the '400'?"

Frosh No. 2—"Yes, she's one of the ciphers."

He who laughs last is usually the dumbest.

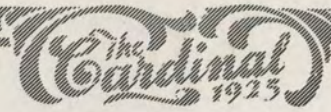
Dorothy Dodge—"I want a dress—the very latest style."

Salesman—"Will you please be seated ma'am? The fashion is just changing."

Aileen Rockwell—"Don't you just adore those Maxfield Parrish blues?"

Dolly Bowe—"I don't know them. Oh dear, it does seem as if one just couldn't keep up with all the new records."

According to an evening paper, a fellow arrived in America some 13 years ago without a shirt to his back, and now he has accumulated two and one-half millions. He'll never wear them out.



Lamberton (in Banking and Finance)—“When are mortgages usually paid off?”
Crawford—“In the last act.”

Jimmy Collins—“What would you say if I flunked four subjects?”

Hannah Marvin—“Get out, you’re fooling.”

Jimmy—“That’s what Dr. Hawkins said.”

Spud Ames—“Have you given up anything for Lent?”

Dora Anthony—“Yes, candy, movies, dances, flowers, taxis, eating between meals——”

Spud—“May I have a date Saturday night?”

HYMN OF HATE

- “We —— to hear a certain pair of squeaky shoes.”
- “We —— to be ‘seated’ in classes.”
- “We —— to hear these words, ‘Now girls, get ready to have your picture taken!’”
- “We —— to hear Adolph say, ‘You owe me .50’.”
- “We —— to hear Home Sweet Home at 11:30.”
- “We —— to hear Maggy McGraw ‘crab’.”
- “We —— the Freshmen who don’t furnish us with pens, ink and paper.”
- “We —— to hear Dr. Hawkins say, ‘Essay by Miss ——’.”
- “We —— the Junior’s line.”
- “We —— to see such a mob go to the Normal games.”
- “We —— Pat’s giggle.”
- “We —— Foster’s ‘How about money for the CARDINAL?’”
- “We —— the Freshman’s childishness.”
- “We —— girls who go to Coste’s.”
- “We —— the way Bake chases Strat.”

HYMN OF LOVE

- “We —— love to make 8:10 classes.”
- “We —— the floor in the gym.”
- “We —— to have the twins always late.”
- “We —— the statues that decorate the hall.”
- “We —— Charlotte’s veracity.”
- “We —— Hefty Ryan’s line.”
- “We —— Cynthia’s noisiness.”
- “We —— Mr. Todd’s interest in the Seniors.”
- “We —— the Senior’s independence.”
- “We —— the way Anne squelched the Juniors.”
- “We —— Marion Holland’s piety.”
- “We, the generals, —— to be in the sixth grade.”
- “We, the commercials, —— to have the generals in our classes.”
- “We —— Miss Goodridge’s gym. suit.”
- “We —— to lock-step from assembly.”



BIRDS

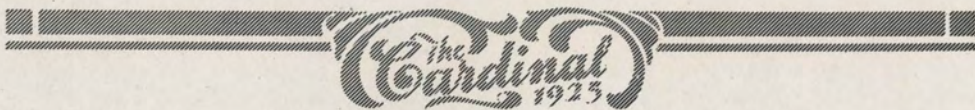
Eagle (king)	Brennan
Nightingale (songstress)	MacDougall
Owl (?)	Dragoon
Sparrow (timid)	McCrea
Cardinal (red)	Lulu Devins
Magpie (talkative)	Lawless
Humming Bird (hums)	Kiley
Crow (ego)	Pfisterer
Peacock (fine feathers)	Fran. Johnson
Ravin (!)	Lavison
Bluebird (happy)	M. Tubbs
Parrots ('nuff said)	The Juniors
Canary (singer)	Marie Cronin
Whip-poor-will (he needs it)	K. Williams
Dove (peace-loving)	Mrs. Baker
Red-headed Woodpecker	Marvin
Chicken Hawk	Spud Ames
Lyre Bird	Charlotte

FRUIT ORCHARD

Apple (sauce)	Holland
Pears	Mary Cronin
Peach	Felkel
Prune	Loso, Pfisterer, Brennan, Webster, Stratton
Cherry	Marvin, Pecotte
Orange (green)	Sully
Banana	Ryan
Grape (juice)	Stratton
Lemon	McGraw
Plum(p)	Henry
Strawberry (blonde)	Carlson
Huckleberry	Herzog
Date	Phipps
Fig (leaf)	Kit
Pineapple	Huber
Rasp(razz)berry	McGaulley

FLOWER GARDEN

"Dandelion" Holland	"Chrysanthemum" McCarthy
"Violet" Sullivan	"Bachelor Button" Drew
"Pansy" Phillips	"Snap-dragon" Hulihan
"Sunflower" Wagemaker	"Fleur-de-lis" O'Sullivan
"Goldenrod" Marvin	"Hollyhocks" Henry
"Four o'clock" Spencer	"Wild Rose" Pettengill

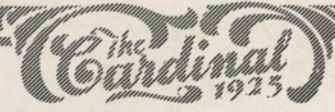


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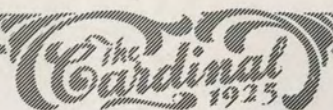
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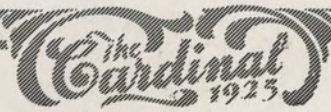
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Betty Lawless stops talking?
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Lu Finigan loses her temper?
Somebody takes the "Fresh" out of Freshmen?
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Sarah Hofmann stops talking about her men?
Helen McCaffrey stops studying?
Mr. Shallies doesn't say "Your excuse Miss——?"
Miss O'Brien doesn't say "No talking in this room?"
The Freshmen buy tickets for lectures?
We don't sing "Like as a Father" in assembly?
Dr. Henshaw isn't trying to collect essays?
Rita Rooney dances with someone besides Steve?
Cadyville has no attraction for Bernice Sheffield?
Nash stops studying the dictionary?
Frances Johnson quits knocking?
Eileen La Haise grows up?
George Lenaghan dates up the first girl he calls?
Tiffany gets his first date?



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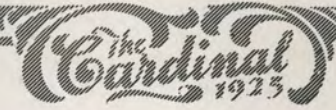
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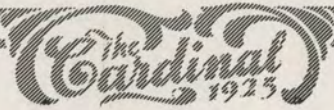
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Every Normal girl got a man for every Normal dance?
Helen McCrae went on a "Wild Party?"
G. Baker held her tongue once in a while?
Peg and Phipps had a fight?
Someone could tell the Twins apart?
A. Gill developed a sweet disposition?
Dort Henry got fat?
Miss O'Brien said, "Make all the noise you want to?"
Gussie Cosgrove got enough to eat?
Dot Dodge changed her style of dancing?
Andy Broadwell "wised up" a bit?
Schoenweiss' and Lavison's Ausable crushes came true?
Tunney got a grouch?
Maryland Wing could fly?



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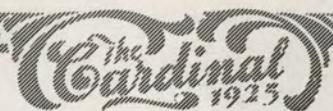
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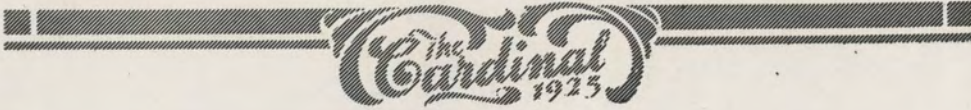


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SONGS

My Sweetie Went AwayAileen Rockwell
I Wonder What's Become of SallyChili Beahan
O Solo MioNellie Cardillo
I Can't Get the One I Want.....Kay O'Connell
They Go Wild, Simply Wild, Over Me.....Harriet Lavison
My Radio ManRita Rooney
Mindin' My BusinessBrault
Mamma Loves PapaPearl O'Donnell
Innocent EyesMarion Tubbs
Sometime in JunetimeFoster Loso
Stay Home Little Girl.....Alice Billings
I Wonder Who's Dancing With You Tonight.....Kitty Dragoon
AbsentCharlotte Hulihan
Lovey Came Back.....Evelyn Nash
Don't Blame It All on Me.....Elsa Felkel
Pretty PeggyPeg Carroll
Does the Spearmint Lose Its Flavor.....Gladys Baker
Laugh and the World Laughs With You.....Betty Ellis



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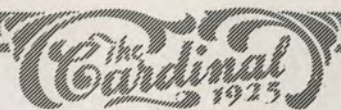
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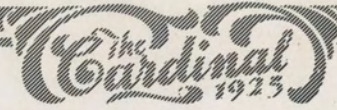
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<i>I'm in Love With Everyone</i>	Sarah Hofmann
<i>I Love Me</i>	Adolf Pfisterer
<i>Too Tired</i>	Cecelia Regan
<i>There's Yes, Yes, In Your Eyes</i>	Irene Beirne
<i>Mamma Goes Where Papa Goes</i>	Anne Duquette
<i>When Lights Are Low</i>	Webbie
<i>Someday You'll Want Me Back</i>	Pauline Gailey
<i>Don't Take Me Home</i>	Phipps
<i>Sally, Irene and Mary</i>	George Lenaghan
<i>Daddy You've Been a Mother to Me</i>	Strat
<i>She Gives Them All the Ha Ha</i>	Marion Holland
<i>Why Did I Kiss That Girl</i>	Albert Tiffany
<i>Charlie My Boy</i>	Kit Kiley
<i>What Do You Do Sunday Mary</i>	Mary Grimes
<i>Hard Hearted Hannah</i>	Hannah Marvin
<i>Because You're You</i>	Hazel Pecotte
<i>When Johnnie Comes Marching Home</i>	Frances Johnson
<i>After the Storm (Blizzard)</i>	Francis Ryan



COMPLIMENTS
OF THE
CLIONIAN FRATERNITY
1925

COMPLIMENTS
OF THE
AGONIAN FRATERNITY
1925



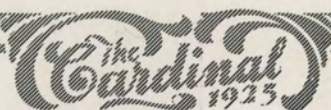
WE MADE OUR
FAME
IN THE TIRE
GAME

SPEARMAN'S

Plattsburg, N. Y.

"WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW"

Why Doris Wright likes a certain Ford Coupe?
When Vera Schoenweiss will stop her everlasting talking?
Why Broadwell moved to Plattsburgh?
Why Brennan is always late at the 8:10 class?
Where Loso got his business ability?
What came between P. Francis Ryan and the basketball?
Why some of the Senior girls are so interested in the Junior Class?
Where some of the fellows got their experience as dancers?
Why Bro is so much liked by the faculty?
If Sonny is connected with the K. K. K.?
Where Miss Goodridge learned her classical dancing?
How the girls get their pull with Mr. Todd?
Where Dr. Henshaw got his knowledge of athletics?
Why Mary O'Sullivan is so tall?
Why "Gertie" likes a certain Drink-o-wine?
Why Marian McCarthy sits in the boys study hall so much?
What kind of face powder Sarah Hoffman uses?
Where Hal Stratton spends his evenings?
Where the basketball team got that coach?
Where Quenan gets all of his athletic abilities?



COMPLIMENTS OF
GEORGE A. BROWN
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BLOW OUT
MEANS
BLOW INTO
NASH'S TIRE SHOP

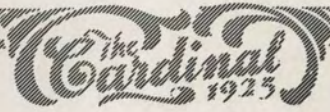
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OUTLINE OF FRESHMAN HISTORY

(With apologies to the boys)

We came here in September,
To be great Normal men,
We took both drawing—on the bank
Each night took dates at ten.
We studied once that quarter,
We flunked—a mystery,
And that's just a little outline
Of our history.

Broadwell: "May I ask you for this dance?"

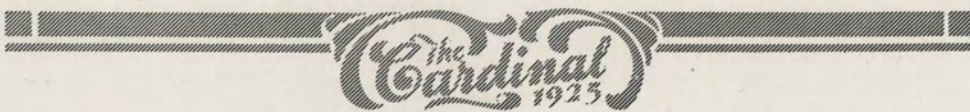
M. Mack: "Please do, I've been dying to refuse you all evening."

Chris. Braman: "Aileen never goes to a beauty shop."

M. McDonough: "No, she's a self-made girl."

Mr. Thompson: "Pfisterer, derive the word finance."

Pfisterer (after pause): "It comes from 'finis,' an end, sir, because it is the art of making both ends meet."



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it
at
Jaques”**

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Helen Clark: “What’s the difference between a Scotchman and a canoe?”
Helen Cartmell: “A canoe tips.”

Foster: “The modern Romeo usually has an empty purse because of what Juliet.” (Juli—et.)

Edna Davis: “Why did you join the Salvation Army?”
Sonny: “So I could play my trombone in public.”

Miss Ketchum: “That’s wrong. You’ve put the liabilities under the assets.”

Norman Davis: “Yes, I’m left-handed.”

Gladys: “Why did you let go of the wheel?”
Strat: “I just wanted to see if I had a flat tire.”
Gladys: “Oh! You mean thing.”

M. Hughes: “Pop Ryan couldn’t come, he’s in the hospital. Somebody stepped on his pipe at the game.”

M. Brennan: “I don’t see why he’d have to go to the hospital for that.”
M. Hughes: “You don’t eh—it was his windpipe.”

Hattie (playing rough): “Knock that chip off my shoulder.”
Francis Ryan: “I’ll knock the whole block off.”



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I WONDER

Mr. Lamberton (mistaking McGraw for Kiley): "Turn around Miss Kiley."

K. Kiley: "I'm innocent."

Saleslady in a millinery establishment: "Yes, I get \$80 a week."

Miss Ketchum: "How do you manage to command such a large salary?"

Saleslady: "I know hats."

Miss K.: "Dear me, for \$100 a month I have to know everything."

Young Man: "I'll give you a quarter if you'll get me a lock of your sister Gladys' hair."

Bake's Small Brother: "Make it a dollar and I'll give you the whole bunch. I know where she hangs it."

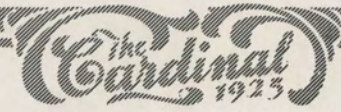
Prof. Hudson: "A hedgehog on the ground is the sign of a late winter."

Alberta Chase: "And a banana peel on the ground is the sign of an early fall."

Mary Grimes: "So this is silver ore! How do they get the silver out?"

Prof. Hudson: "They smelt it."

Mary: "That's funny, I smelt it too, but I didn't get any silver out."



Maurice Schiff, Inc.

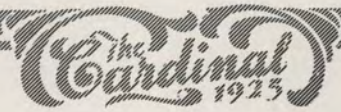
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55 Bridge St. Plattsburg, N. Y.

Mr. Thompson (in Freshman English): "What three words are used most in the English Class, Mr. Brault?"

Brault: "I don't know."

Mr. Thompson: "Correct."

Intoxicated Man: "Isn't it terrible? Every time I breathe someone dies."

Midge Haron: "Why don't you try chewing cloves?"

Miss Garrity had just finished explaining to her class the meaning of "f" and "ff" in a song which they were about to sing. "Now, if 'f' means 'forte' what does 'ff' mean?"

M. Murray: "Eighty."

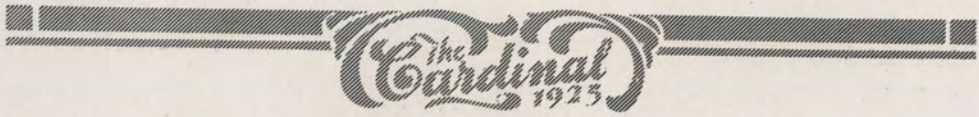
M. Powers (in 6th Grade): "Johnnie your arithmetic paper is very poor. I shall have to write your father about it."

Johnnie: "Give him fits, teacher, he did that paper."

Mr. Jordan: "Miss Sullivan, we have forgotten to lay in a fresh supply of stamps."

Sully: "Goodness, sir, so we have. We are a couple of sillies aren't we?"

Mr. Smith: "So far as we can see the only difference between a girl chewing gum and a cow chewing a cud is that the cow looks thoughtful."



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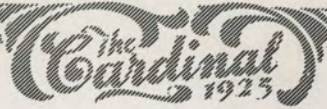
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Conductor: "Say, young man, you can't go to Albany on this ticket—it's marked 'Albany to Plattsburgh.'"

Cosgrove: "That's all right. I'll ride backwards."

A WARNING TO GEN.

Ashes to ashes
Stones to stones
You can't get fat
Eating ice cream cones.

Norma: "George is a supreme optimist."

Mary: "How's that?"

Norma: "He hasn't bought a necktie for six months—he figures on getting some good ones for Christmas."

Stratt: "Teacher's pet."

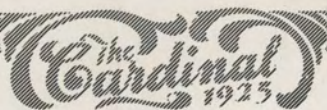
Brennan: "No! Do they?"

Mr. Diebolt: "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Mrs. O'Donnell: "At the bottom."

Freshman: "How long could I live without brains?"

Miss Ketchum: "Time will tell."



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The absent-minded professor jokes are with us again. We are thinking of the professor who kissed his shoes goodnight and put his two sons under the bed.

Mr. Diebolt: "The modern industrial world seems to begin with Watt."

M. Arthur: "The quarter of eight whistle."

Olive B.: "Midge went early last night, didn't he, Eleanor?"

E. Haesusal: "What makes you think so?"

Olive: "Just a few minutes before he left I heard him say 'just *one*.'"

Dr. Henshaw: "If Shakespeare were alive today he'd be considered a remarkable man."

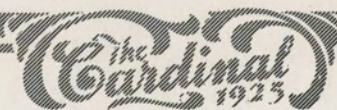
Laura Sorrell: "Why certainly he would! He'd be over three hundred years old."

Betty Lawless: "The man I marry must be tall, upright and grand."

Marian Tubbs: "You don't want a man—you want a piano."

Mr. Lamberton: "I take great pleasure in giving you 61% in Commercial Geography."

Evelyn Nelson: "Aw, make it 100% and enjoy yourself."



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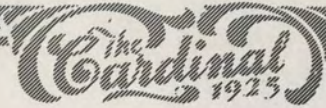
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Plattsburg, New York

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STAR ANNEX
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Dorothy Singleton: "What are you reading?"

Betty Singleton: "Whiz Bang."

Dorothy Singleton: "Oh, all right. I tho't you had gotten ahold of *College Humor*."

Betty Lawless: "Yes, I'm an actress, I've played in the Covered Wagon."

Betty Walsh: "Why I didn't see you."

Betty Lawless: "Oh, I was inside the wagon."

Doris Johnson: "Howard is an atheist."

Laura Sorell: "Is that a good fraternity?"

Jimmy Quenan: "I want permission to be away three days after Easter vacation."

Dr. Hawkins: "Oh, you want three more days of grace?"

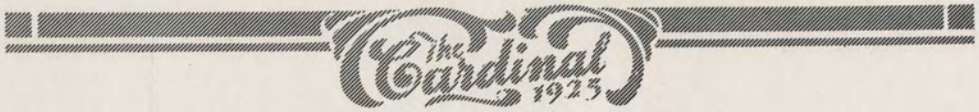
Jimmy: "No, three more days of Dot."

M. D.: "..... and exercise with dumb-bells would improve you wonderfully."

P. Pettengill: "Then I'd better accept that house party bid."

Mr. Diebolt: "Which one's absent, Lula or Liela?"

Lula: "Lila."



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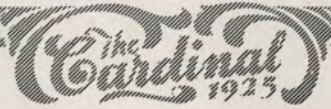
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Dot Hayes (in jesting mood): "When is a joke not a joke?"

Tunney: "When it comes back from the Joke Editors with a rejection slip."

Beahan (filling out his physical examination card): "What does this word mean?"

Loso: "Never mind, put down 'No.'"

Beahan: "Oh! I can't do that, it might be something I ought to have."

B. Ellis (in Products Class): "Just think 3,000 seals were used to make fur coats last year."

Emily: "Isn't it wonderful that they can train animals to do such work?"

Miss Garrity (in Music Class): "Miss Anson, will you please stop chewing gum in that slow rhythmic fashion, for I cannot lecture in that slow rhythmic fashion."

A. Billings: "Did you join a sorority?"

Marion McCarthy: "No, I have plenty of clothes."

Someone has decided that the letter "E" is the most unfortunate letter in the English alphabet because it is always out of cash, forever in debt, never out of danger, and in hell all the time.





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QUESTION IN ENGLISH CLASS

"..... correct the following sentence."

(Sentence): "The man catches on very quickly."

(Answer): "The man learns very quickly."

Mr. Bro.: "I believe the sentence is correct, as it was the first time. The man might have been a brakeman."

Miss Ketchum, in bookkeeping class, was presenting Interest and Discount. In computing the discount she wrote on the board non-interesting note for non-interest-bearing. Upon asking the class if she was right everyone shouted, "yes."

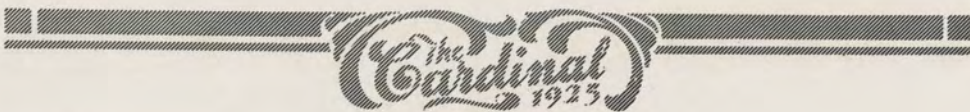
Mr. Diebolt chugged up to the Burlington ferry slip in his Ford sedan. The Ford had been a little angry on the way up and decided that it didn't want to go out for a long run. This made Mr. Diebolt a little peeved.

Ferryman: "One dollar please."

Mr. Diebolt: "Sold!" (That's why he bought his new Jordan.)

DON'T COUNT YOUR FRESHMEN BEFORE MID-YEAR'S.

Of all sad words for Normal girls or men,
The saddest are these—it's half past ten.



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THE FIT RITE SHOP

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9 Clinton Street

Pat: "How many men are there in the Freshman class this year?"

M. Holland: "Oh, about 10."

Pat: "What!"

M. H.: "But the others will grow up eventually."

P. J. Gailey: "Did you know the girls are wearing their stockings sausage fashion?"

Hazel Drew: "How's that?"

P. J. Gailey: "Bolognas." (Below knees.)

Doris Wright to Emily Cunningham (after song day): "Wasn't it funny that we both wrote our songs to the same melody?"

Miss Goodridge: "You should have your feet on the floor straight ahead, Miss Rovellet."

Anne (sitting on chair): "But they don't touch the floor."

Miss Goodridge (seriously): "But they do when you stand."

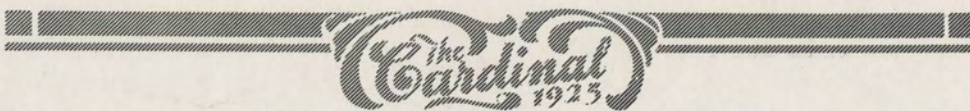
Mr. Diebolt: "When was the War of 1812 fought?"

M. Hanley: "About 1775."

In brief: (Hall gossip.)

Senior: "Doc Henshaw *hit* 'Strat' for his essay this morning."

Freshman: "Did he get it?" (Dumb-bell.)



F. E. DUNTON

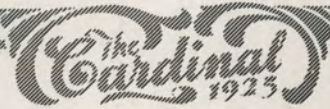
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Miss Carroll: "What do they raise in Plattsburgh?"

Anna Gill: "Lemons."

Betty Ellis: "Didn't you know they are going to put a fence around the Normal Campus?"

Eleanor Haesusal: "No, why?"

Betty Ellis: "To keep the trees from leaving."

Mrs. O'Donnell has finally decided to bob her hair so that after "gym" she may reach the grades at the same time the *other* flappers do.

Mr. Smith has an addition to his collection of fowls—two ducks—induction and deduction.

The most popular man in our division is "gym." (Elementary division.)

Sylvia: "I lost a lot of weight this winter."

Helen: "Why, I don't see it."

Sylvia: "Why no, how could you? I've lost it."

You can always tell a Senior by his dignity and looks,
By his actions and expressions and his knowledge of all books,
You can always tell a Junior by his wisdom and all such,
You can always tell a Freshman, but you cannot tell him much.



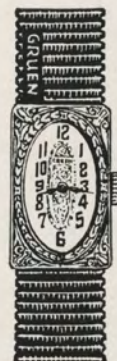
WATCHES

RINGS

GIFTS

DODGE AND FRAZIER

90 Margaret

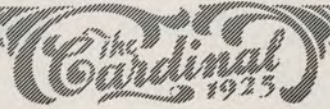


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In History Class we hear, "Who crossed the Delaware in ten letters?" Is it due to the fact that the teacher wears a cross-word puzzle tie?

E. McGaulley the day before mid-year dance: "*Please* give me back my pocketbook or I won't have anything to wear to the dance tonight."

Mr. Smith: "We live in the 'Mule Age'—everything has a kick in it."

Burington: "Hey waiter, what kind of coffee do you call this?"

Waiter: "Plaster House coffee, a very good grade."

Burington: "Plaster House! Well I'm darned if I can find the house but a lot of the grounds are in here."

Barber: "Will you have a hair cut?"

Brennan: "No, all of them."

R. Larson: "Do you snore when you sleep?"

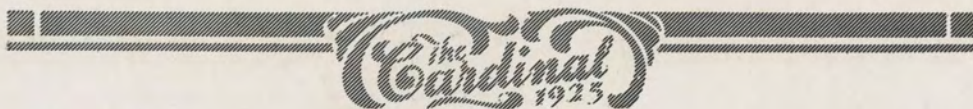
E. Nelson: "When *do* you suppose I snore?"

Kohl: "I'll go without my dinner and study."

Stratton: "Yes, and then live on me."

Prof. Lamberton: "Give me the name of the largest diamond."

Cronin: "The ace."



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Conway: "And what did the poet mean by 'Wind Along the Waste'?"

Tunney: "Gas on the stomach, I guess."

Lawless: "What's the most nervous thing next to a girl?"

Brennan: "Me."

Mr. Diebolt (in American History Class): "If the President, Vice-President, and all the members of the Cabinet died, who would officiate?"

Aileen Rockwell: "The undertaker."

Mr. Nash (to Webbie): "Young man, I happened to see you last night with your arm about my daughter's waist. May I inquire your intentions, sir?"

Webbie: "Why, sure, I intend to put it there every chance I get."

The clock struck one.

"Jerry, you must go now," Marian murmured.

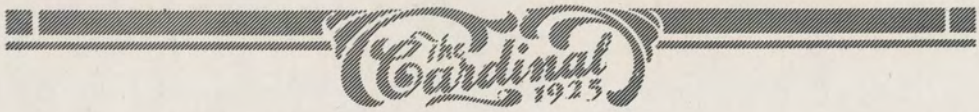
The clock struck two.

"Jerry, dear, you simply must go," she added.

The clock struck three as Jerry arose—for it was a slow-striking clock and was deliberately on its way to eleven.

Brennan: "I like to be alone with my thoughts."

McGaulley: "Don't you get lonesome sometimes?"



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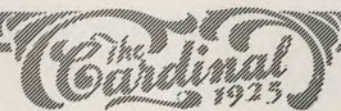
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Gladys Baker: "It 'ud be awful to be deaf and dumb, wouldn't it?"

Bertha Bullis: "Oh, I don't know about that. Think of all the things
you'd have at your fingertips."

Mr. Thompson: "What is it a sign of when a Normal girl never passes
anything?"

Gen Milvo: "Poor table manners."

Estelle Mazner: "Guess what your roommate said about you the other
day."

Vera S.: "I haven't the least idea."

Estelle: "So she told you, too?"

Hugh Conway to Conductor Kelly: "No thanks—not today—this time I'm
in a hurry."

Mr. Todd: "Your son just threw a stone at me."

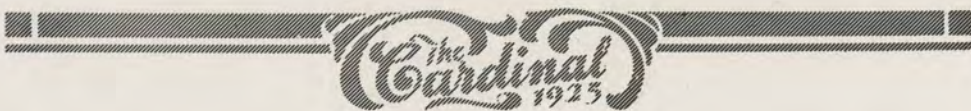
Mr. Diebolt: "Did he hit you?"

Mr. Todd: "No."

Mr. Diebolt: "Then he wasn't my son."

Spud Ames: "Say, Bo, got a cigarette?"

Williams: "Sure, want to see it?"



FAREWELL, SENIORS!

If we were asked to name the faults of the Senior Class of '25, we believe we should have a hard time. It seems to us that the good qualities so far overshadow the bad ones that the latter appear quite negligible. It is quite evident that among other good qualities perseverance and grit should be mentioned. You surely have shown a great deal of both at Normal. We the Class of '27 have been at School with you for only one year but during that time we have had some delightful games and entertainments as well as classes with you, Seniors.

But the greatest thing that you have done is to keep up the standards of the Plattsburg State Normal School and never let her records fall behind. Sometimes our classes have clashed and we have disagreed among ourselves. There have been slight dissensions but they have been like the ripples on the broad surface on the great Lake Champlain, very easily smoothed over.

We, the Class of '27 regret to think of the time when you will leave us, and all of our pleasant times will be over. The recollections of your days with us will be among the brightest spots in our memories. We wish you success as each of you take your separate way along the pathway of life.

NORM DAVIS, '27

(COMPLIMENTS OF THE CLASS OF '27)



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Prof. Lamberton was discussing the characteristics of fool's mind.

Jimmie Quenan: "What is a fool anyway?"

Prof. Lamberton: "Long ago someone said 'He is a fool who asks more questions than a hundred wise men can answer.'"

Hugh Conway: "Now I know why we flunk so many exams."

Brennan: "Well, I certainly have worked hard for my diploma."

Stratton: "Never mind. You probably won't have to work for a long time after you get it."

Lamberton: "Does anyone know what the Sherman Act was?"

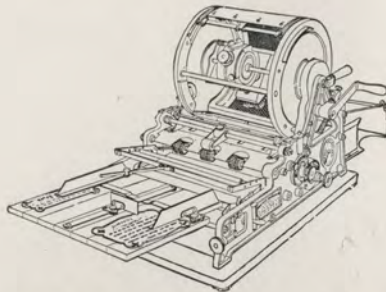
Maggie McGraw: "Marching through Georgia."

"THESE PUPILS DIDN'T CHEAT"

1. "A blizzard is one of the vital organs of a chicken."
2. "A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle."
3. "Sixty gathers make one hedgehog."
4. "A mountain range is a large cook stove."
5. "Typhoid fever is prevented by fascination."
6. "The way that germs enter our bodies is by traveling on street cars."
7. "To avoid germs, stand alone in a crowd."
8. "To prevent teeth decaying, wrench them out every morning."



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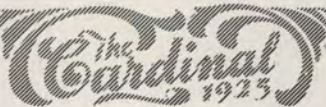
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"Ryan," said Quenan, as he was packing his grip for vacation, "I don't believe you will ever pay me what you owe me. It isn't worthwhile to sue you for it, as you have nothing I can attach. I'll give you a receipt and call it paid."

"Fine! thank you," said Ryan.

A few moments after, seeing that Ryan still lingered about Quenan said, "Was there something you wished to say to me?"

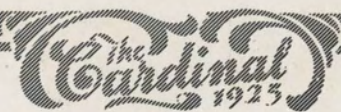
"Not 'specially, but ain't it customary to give a feller a cigar when his account is settled?"

AT 4 A. M.

It was pitch black in the parlor. Three hours ago, Betty the naughty vamp, turned out the light. The clock on the mantel struck, "One, two, three, four." It was a strange sound echoing through the silence. A milk wagon rattled by. Again all was still. Then from the divan corner of the room came a few faint noises, "Smack—smack—umm—gulp—gurgle—umm—smack—sh—sh—" then a soft sighing sound. The water in the radiator had begun to boil.

Miss Goodridge: "Now, be careful, don't knock down the figures."

Tunney (blindfolded): "For the love of Pete, Miss Goodridge, what are you doing—taking a group picture? I thought I was the only figure in here."



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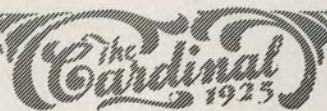
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Pasteurized Milk and Cream.

PLATTSBURG DAIRY CO.

Phone 720

70 Clinton St.

Phil: "What was your lung expansion?"

Sonny: "300."

Phil: "Gee! but you've a lot of hot air."

Quenan: "Mr. Lamberton, a little birdy told me that you weren't going to give us any more tests."

Lamberton: "It must have been a Coo-coo."

Landlady: "What were all you guys on the porch swearing about?"

Boys: "Oh! We were just making up a new cross-word puzzle."

SAFETY FIRST

Miss Goodridge: "What precautions do you take against microbes?"

Conway: "I first boil the water."

Miss G.: "Yes, and then?"

Conway: "Then I sterilize it."

Miss G.: "That's right—and then—?"

Conway: "I drink nothing but beer."

Miss Lynch (examining her class in Grammar): "What is the future of I love?"

Spencer Ames: "I divorce."

The Cardinal
1925

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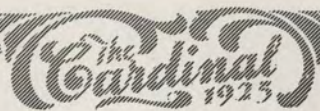
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Half Tones, Color Plates

*The Finest Engraving
Shop in New England
7th Floor, Printers Bldg.*



Engravers for the Cardinal
HOWARD-WESSON COMPANY





AN OVERWORKED WORD

~~~~~

*Most every advertisement mentions service some place, so we might as well give you our idea of service.*

*It consists in doing the thing you want done in as nearly as possible the way you want it.*

~~~~~

W. E. CROSS

CITY JEWELER

Lois: "So you fell down on that cross-word puzzle?"

Mabel: "Yes."

Lois: "No wonder. It contained the names of a vice-president, a writer of a last year's best seller and the winner of a peace prize."

Miss Garrity: "Where did you learn to sing?"

Mulvey: "From a correspondence school."

Miss Garrity: "Well, some of your lessons must have been lost in the mail."

Prof. Hudson: "What is the difference between lightning and electricity?"

Mary Powers: "We have to pay for electricity?"

WHAT THE NORMAL GRADUATE SINGS AS HE GRASPS HIS DIPLOMA

The bright one: "To Have, To Hold and To Love."

One not so bright: "That's How I Need You."

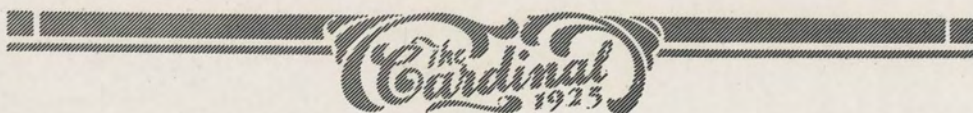
The one who just got by: "Somebody's Wrong."

The five-year man: "The Long Long Trail."

The one who cribbed: "You Know You Belong to Somebody Else."

WHILE

The one who flunked: "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows."



COMPLIMENTS OF

HOME LUNCH

28 Clinton Street

HENRY COST, Prop.

"GOOD THINGS TO EAT"

Exide

BATTERIES

BATTERY RUN
DOWN?

Just Call 911

—For Our—
SERVICE CAR

EXIDE BATTERIES

—and—

RADIO
ACCESSORIES

Plattsburg Battery
and

Radio Service

S. T. QUINN, Mgr.

COMPLIMENTS OF

BLACK and WHITE

ORCHESTRA

Dr. Pratt: "Now, Miss Hunter, stand over behind that chalk line, put your finger in the ear nearest the wall, and repeat what I say."

(There came in a whisper): "Do you like sauer kraut?"

Julia Hunter: "Do I look like a robin?"

Mr. Jordan was dictating to his stenographer, Miss Sullivan. Suddenly he stopped. "Am I too fast for you?" he asked anxiously. She considered him and then replied: "Oh, no, indeed, but you're a trifle old."

Junior: "I have a cold in my head."

Mr. Thompson: "Well that's something."

Marie McDonough (after climbing into her berth): "Tunney, what do we do with our clothes?"

Tunney: "Take 'em off, call the porter and he will check 'em for you."

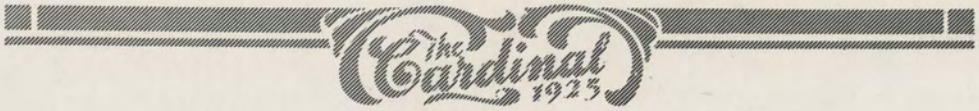
The next morning it was noticed that Marie even had her scarf wound around her neck.

Gen Milvo: "What's that awful odor?"

Jimmy: "That's fertilizer."

Gen (astonished): "For the land's sake!"

Jimmy: "Yes, Gen."



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PHOTOGRAPHERS FOR CARDINAL

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Question:

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Commencement?"

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Reasonable Rates

Pulpit, Choir and Judicial Robes.

COX SONS & VINING

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New York City

Rabbit (watching Ryan enjoy a good joke): "Say Ryan, take that face off you, don't you know Hallowe'en has passed?"

Pauline: "What would you give for hair like mine?"

Dot: "I don't know Pauline, what did you give?"

Mr. Lamberton to Anne Duquette: "You're not Irish, your name is Du."

Anne: "Du doesn't belong to me."

Madeline Arthur: "Gee Sylvia, I was so hungry last night that I thought I had appendicitis."

Clerk: "This book will do half your work."

Conway: "Give me two—quick!"

Miss Garrity (in Music Class): "What are pauses?"

Mary: "They grow on cats."

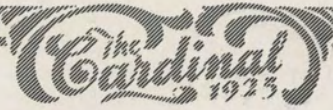
Emily: "Are you fond of automobiles?"

B. Ellis: "Am I? You ought to see the truck I ate for dinner."

Norma Kohl: "It was a case of love at first sight with George and me."

Mary O.: "Then why don't you marry him?"

Norma: "I saw him again on several occasions."



YOU TAKE PRIDE IN YOUR CLOTHES
WE TAKE PRIDE IN OUR LAUNDRY

SEND YOUR CLOTHES TO OUR LAUNDRY

"WE WILL BOTH FEEL PROUD"

SPECIAL SERVICE FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS TO
NORMAL STUDENTS

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LAUNDERERS, CLEANSERS, DYERS
PLATTSBURG, N. Y.

Under Personal Supervision of
Sidney J. Spiegel and John F. Long

M. H. FISHMAN, Inc.

5c, 10c and up

Department Store

Plattsburg's Greatest Money-

Saving Store

34 Margaret St.

Opposite Post Office



Alice: "Going to have dinner anywhere tonight?"

Madeline (eagerly): "No, not that I know of."

Alice: "Gee, but you'll be hungry by morning."

Marion Turk: "Any mail for me?"

Postman: "What's your name?"

Marion: "You'll find it on the envelope."

Collins (writing home): "How do you spell financially?"

Lefevre: "F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l-l-y, and there are two r's in embarrassed."

Student: "I owe everything I know, to you."

Mr. Thompson: "Don't mention it. It is a mere trifle."

The most powerful king on earth is Wor-king; the laziest, Shir-king; the wittest, Jo-king; the quietest, Thin-king; the thirstiest, Drin-king; the slyest, Win-king; and the nosiest, Tal-king.

Father: "Why are you always at the lower end of the class?"

Haron: "What's the difference? They teach the same at both ends."

Miss Nelson: "I love every hair in Mr. Todd's head."

Payne: "Your love can't be very strong then."



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Laboratory Materials.....\$0.60

Teacher's Dictation Book (Secretarial Dictation)\$0.80

Business Organization and Administration, by *Dr. J. Anton deHaas*, *Professor of Foreign Trade, New York University*. An elementary course in business fundamentals for high schools and private commercial schools..\$1.40

First Principles of Advertising, by *Wilbur D. Nesbit*. Advertising principles and practice in a nutshell by one of the country's foremost advertising men\$1.00

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Applied Business English and Correspondence, by *Hubert A. Hagar* and *Rupert P. SoRelle*. A brief review of the fundamentals of English with comprehensive treatment of punctuation, capitalization and business correspondence. Deals only with those essentials that have a direct bearing on the future work of the student of business. Text, \$1.00 Exercises, \$0.40

An Introduction to Economics, by *Dr. Graham A. Laing*, *Professor of Business Administration and Finance, California Institute of Technology, Pasadena*. A brief, concise, understandable and teachable statement of general economic principles.....\$1.40

Whigam's Essentials of Commercial Law, by *Colonel Wallace H. Whigam*, *Shurz High School, Chicago, Illinois*. An authoritative and pedagogical text full of human-interest problems written in an easy, fluent style.....\$1.40

Mathematics for the Accountant, by *Eugene R. Vinal*, *formerly Professor of Actuarial Science, Northeastern University, Boston*.....\$3.00

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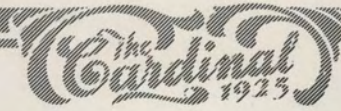
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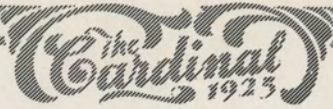
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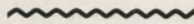
Fraternity and Class Inserts for Annuals



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15 JOHN ST.

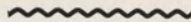
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Furnishing enjoyable entertainment for the entire family.

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Quality Home-Made Candy
and Velvet Ice Cream

40 Clinton Street

Plattsburg New York

Brault: "Stick your shirt in."

Nelson: "Won't stay. It's my work shirt."

Brault: "Whaddy mean, work shirt?"

Nelson: "Keeps workin' up over the back of my trousers."

If we took teachers at what they said what would happen?

Mr. Todd while taking charge of the High School Room during Mr. Thompson's absence remarked, "Rise. Pass out."

Mr. Lamberton said during the same day that the pioneers pushed over the mountains.

Duquette: "What are you reading?"

Phipps: "Froth."

Duquette: "Oh what's that—a treatise of beer?"

Miss Lynch in English Class: "Mr. Nelson, correct the following sentence—Shoes are made in China where they eat with chopsticks."

Mr. Nelson (after thinking for several minutes): "Aren't chopsticks some kind of musical instrument?"

Bierne (in Math. Class): "How far are you from the correct answer?"

Fox: "Two seats."



CARDINAL

1925

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